150 YEARS *of* DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Eleazar Wheelock, A.B., D.D.

Pioneer and Founder

First President of Dartmouth College, 1769-1779

150 YEARS of DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

An Account of
the Celebration of the SESQUI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY
of the FOUNDING OF THE COLLEGE, *together with*
Illustrations of the Events of the Occasion,
of the Buildings of the College in the
year 1919, and of its Officers
of Administration and
Instruction

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under the General Editorial Direction of
HOMER EATON KEYES, *Business Director*, and
EUGENE FRANCIS CLARK, *Secretary*, of the College.

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PREFATORY NOTE

IN the year 1969 Dartmouth College will be two hundred years old. The occasion will be one fit for rejoicing. There will doubtless be rejoicing, and, therewithal, a celebration, which will be preceded by much planning. To the end of assuring the complete satisfaction of all concerned, various and weighty committees will be constituted. They will spend much time in earnest discussion as to what portion of the forthcoming exercises shall be devoted to historic pageantry illustrating, to the eyes' enchantment, the great career of Dartmouth through admiring decades; what part devoted to adequate oratory calculated to enliven the spiritual perceptions of the undergraduates, alumni and friends of the institution, and, thereby, to deepen their respect for education in general and for Dartmouth education in particular.

Some of those who gleefully attended the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the College, and at that time conducted themselves with the becoming joviality and sprightliness of youth, will now hobble into the arena of the two hundredth, to smile toothless response to the plaudits of a new generation of the gleeful. But beyond bearing enthusiastic witness to the fact that the one hundred and fiftieth was a great event, these survivors of an earlier era will be of no great value as historical documents. In short, while they will achieve high success as exhibits, they will, as reminiscent advisers to planning committees, prove considerably worse than nothing.

To accomplish what, some fifty years hence, these amiable but helpless gentlemen will be quite incapable of accomplishing — to serve as guide, councilor and friend to the committee in charge of the two hundredth anniversary celebration of the College — is the humble purpose of this volume.

On that basis alone it must at once be admitted that its publication is, perhaps, forty-seven years premature. For that fact, however, no apology is offered. The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Dartmouth College was an event possessed of considerable intrinsic interest, entirely apart from that of serving as a precedent, or a warning, for subsequent, similar occasions.

It is worth while, too, to seize upon and mirror permanently, if possible, the momentary aspect of the College at one and one-half centuries of age. That feat it was the original intention of this book to perform. To show just what manner of place was Dartmouth at this particular date, to present its visible features — its buildings, its circumambient landscape, its governing board, its faculty, its student populace — was an interesting and laudable intention. And with it was to go a transcript of the wisdom and the sentiment of the day as expressed in the speeches of sons of the College and friends of the sons.

Many circumstances — among them the impossibility of obtaining complete series of photographs, and with it an excessive delay in securing many that eventually came to hand — have warped the plan and dulled the enthusiasm with which it was first undertaken. The book still presents Dartmouth as of 1919; but it does not present it with the perfect completeness which had been the hope and the ambition of those responsible for it.

Yet it will serve somewhat as a monument, albeit a truncated one, to a great event. It may, in a measure, amuse the curious, intrigue the studious, admonish the reverent. That indeed is the function of all monuments. And this one, be it remembered, while nominally celebrant of 1919, is dedicated to the enlightenment of 1969. May the Honorable Committee in charge in that forthcoming day and generation accept the kindly wish which such dedication implies!

HOMER EATON KEYES,
Executive Secretary for the Sesqui-Centennial Committee.

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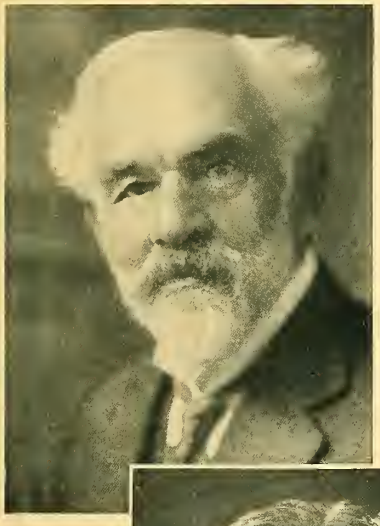

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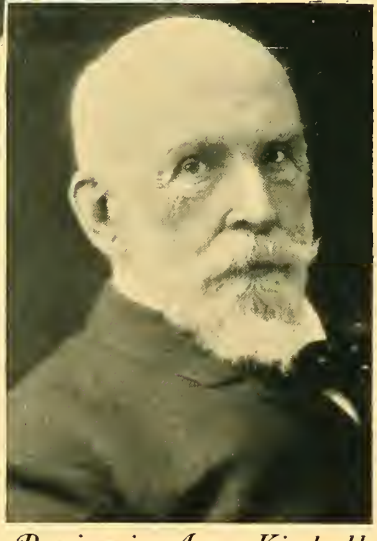

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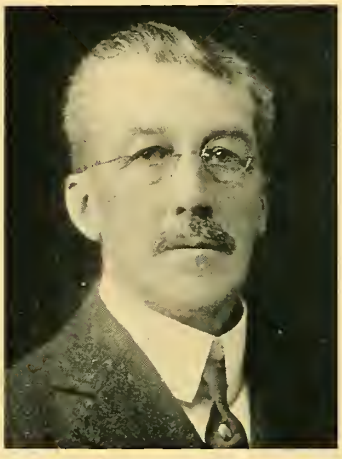

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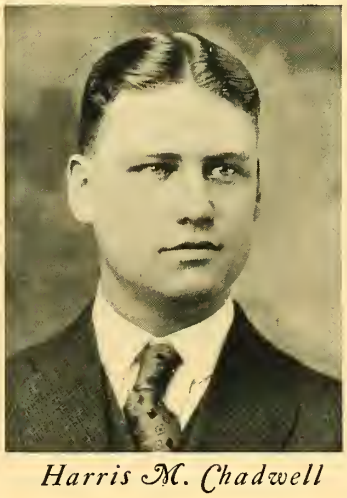

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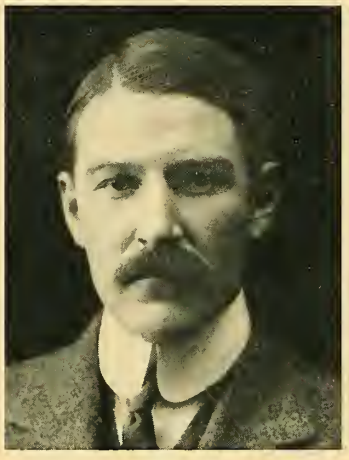

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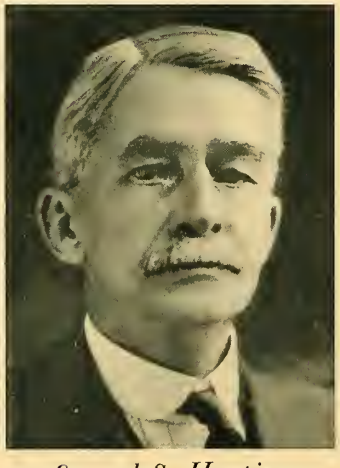

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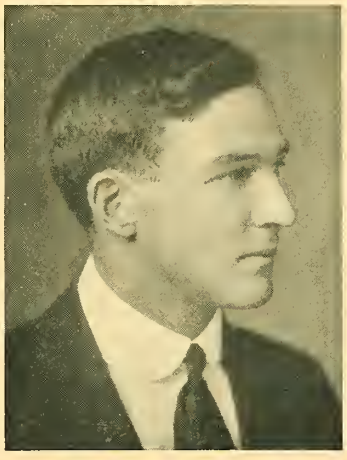

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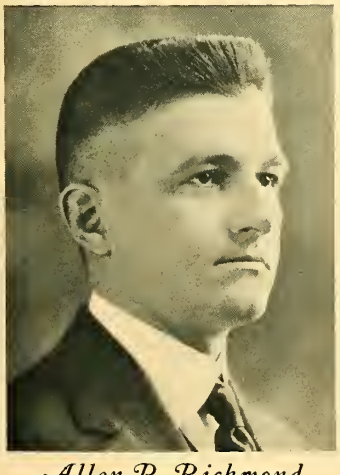

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Kenneth A. Robinson

William A. Robinson

Dartmouth College Portraits

Officers of Administration and Instruction 1919

J. Claude Roule

Sidney L. Ruggles

Andrew J. Scarlett, Jr.

John J. Sexton

Warren C. Shaw

Waldo Shumway

Walter E. Spahr

Thomas E. Steward

Colin C. Stewart

Dartmouth College Portraits

Officers of Administration and Instruction 1919

William K. Stewart

Lewis D. Stilwell

Joseph W. Tanch

Gilbert H. Tapley

Howard M. Tibbetts

Albert H. Washburn

Harold E. Washburn

Harry R. Wellman

Leonard D. White

Dartmouth College Portraits

Officers of Administration and Instruction 1919

William H. Wood

Erville B. Woods

William K. Wright

John W. Young

George B. Zug

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial

Dartmouth Hall

A replica of the old main hall which was built in 1791 and destroyed by fire in 1904

The General Program

THE GENERAL PROGRAM OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Friday, October 17

College Green, at 7:30 p. m., Illumination and Torchlight Procession.

The Tent, at 8:15 p. m., Dartmouth Night.

Saturday, October 18

During the morning, College open for inspection.

Moose Mountain Cabin, at 12:00 m., Outing Club Luncheon.

Alumni Oval, at 3:00 p. m., Football Game.

Webster Hall, at 8:15 p. m., Presentation of "The Founders".

Sunday, October 19

White Church, at 11:00 a. m., Anniversary Service.
Sermon by the Reverend Ozora Stearns Davis of the Class of 1889, President of Chicago Theological Seminary.

Rollins Chapel, at 5:20 p. m., Vesper Service.

Robinson Hall, at 6:15 p. m., Buffet Supper.

Rollins Chapel, at 8:15 p. m., Organ Recital.

The General Program

Monday, October 20

Rollins Chapel, at 9:15 a.m., Morning Prayers.

Webster Hall, at 10:00 a.m., Anniversary Exercises.

College Green, at 1:00 p. m., Luncheon and Incidental Pageant.

College Buildings, at 3:30 p. m., Educational Discussions.

College Hall, at 7:30 p.m., Dinner to Guests.

Sesqui-Centennial Committees

COMMITTEES FOR THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

For arranging *the* Anniversary Program *and for* carrying it into execution a General Committee representing trustees, alumni *and* faculty was chosen. *This* Committee in turn selected, to devise and carry out *the* detailed program, committees mainly *from the* faculty.

GENERAL COMMITTEE

President and Chairman
President ERNEST MARTIN HOPKINS

Executive Secretary
Business Director HOMER EATON KEYES

Representing the Trustees
The Honorable FRANK SHERWIN STREETER
Mr. LEWIS PARKHURST
ALBERT OSCAR BROWN, Esquire

Representing the Alumni
The Honorable CLARENCE BELDEN LITTLE
Mr. JOSEPH WILLIAM GANNON
Mr. NATT WALDO EMERSON

Representing the Faculty
Professor HARRY EDWIN BURTON
Professor JAMES PARMELEE RICHARDSON
Professor LEON BURR RICHARDSON

College Marshal
Professor EUGENE FRANCIS CLARK

Honorary Marshal
General JOAB NELSON PATTERSON of the Class of 1860

Senior Marshal
NORMAN BYRON RICHARDSON

Assisted by
Professor RICHARD WELLINGTON HUSBAND
Professor CHARLES ALBERT PROCTOR
Mr. RUSSELL RAYMOND LARMON
Professor CHARLES ERNEST BOLSER
Professor HARRY EDWIN BURTON
Professor ASHLEY KINGSLEY HARDY

SPECIAL COMMITTEES

On Publicity
Mr. JOSEPH WILLIAM GANNON, Chairman

On Alumni Participation
Mr. NATT WALDO EMERSON, Chairman

On Entertainment
Professor RICHARD WELLINGTON HUSBAND, Chairman
Professor WILLIAM KILBOURNE STEWART
Professor CHARLES RAMSDELL LINGLEY

Sesqui-Centennial Committees

SPECIAL COMMITTEES — Continued

On Dartmouth Night

Professor EUGENE FRANCIS CLARK
Chairman
Mr. MORRILL ALLEN GALLAGHER, Alumni Marshal
Mr. RICHARD FARNSWORTH PAUL, Assistant Marshal

Reception of Guests

Professor LEON BURR RICHARDSON
Chairman
Professor FRANK MILLETT MORGAN
Professor WARREN CHOATE SHAW

On Educational Round Table Discussions

Group I

Professor PRESCOTT ORDE SKINNER, Chairman
Professor GEORGE DANA LORD
Professor HARRY EDWIN BURTON

Group II

Professor JOHN MERRILL POOR, Chairman
Professor CHARLES ERNEST BOLSER
Professor JAMES WALTER GOLDTHWAIT
Professor CHARLES NELSON HASKINS

Group III

Professor JAMES PARMELEE RICHARDSON, Chairman
Professor HERBERT DARLING FOSTER
Professor CHESTER ARTHUR PHILLIPS
Professor HENRY THOMAS MOORE

On Luncheon and Dinner

Professor HARRY EDWIN BURTON, Chairman
Professor CHARLES ALBERT PROCTOR
Mr. ARTHUR PERRY FAIRFIELD
Mr. HOWARD MURRAY TIBBETTS

On Historical Episodes

Professor FRANCIS LANE CHILDS, Chairman
Professor ARTHUR HERBERT BASYE
Mr. JOSEPH HILLYER BREWER '20
Mr. EDWARD MUNROE CURTIS '20
Mr. LAWRENCE DRAKE MILLIGAN '20

On Outing Club Hospitality

Reverend JOHN EDGAR JOHNSON
Honorary Chairman
Professor LELAND GRIGGS, Chairman
Professor JOHN MERRILL POOR
Professor COLIN CAMPBELL STEWART

On Football and Operetta

Mr. HORACE GIBSON PENDER, Chairman

Organist and Choir Master

Professor LEONARD BEECHER MCWHOOD

Representing the Student Body

The Membership of Palaeopitus, Consisting of the Following Seniors

EARL HARRINGTON BRUCE
JACKSON LIVINGSTON CANNELL
WARREN STETSON GAULT
EUGENE STONE LEONARD
STANLEY JACOB NEWCOMER
CARL ELBRIDGE NEWTON
REUEL GEORGE PHILLIPS
NORMAN BYRON RICHARDSON
RICHARD CHEEVER SOUTHWICK
ARTHUR WARREN STOCKDALE

Band music for the events of Monday supplied by Nevers' Regimental Band, conducted by Mr. Arthur F. Nevers, of Concord, New Hampshire.

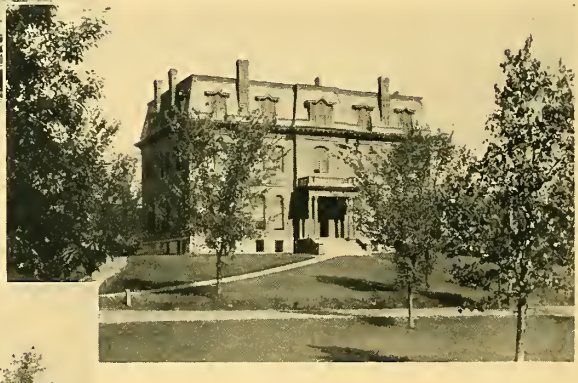
Dartmouth College

The College Plant in 1919

The Thayer School

The Home of the Tuck School

Culver Hall



Wilder Hall—the Physics Laboratory

The Medical School and Nathan Smith Laboratory

THE DELEGATES AND REPRESENTATIVE GUESTS IN ATTENDANCE AT THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

Sesqui-Centennial Delegates and Guests

INVITATION to participate in the exercises of the Sesqui-Centennial was extended to academic institutions associated with Dartmouth by virtue of similarity in time and circumstances of foundation, by virtue of present community of interest, or by virtue of distinction in parallel lines of educational endeavor. Participation took the form of representation, in many instances, by the president and a faculty member from the institution.

The State of New Hampshire, various governing bodies of the Associated Schools of Dartmouth and of the alumni were likewise represented by delegates. The list here follows. In addition were various individual guests specially invited.

REPRESENTING THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

His Excellency JOHN HENRY BARTLETT, A.M., Governor of New Hampshire, together with his Staff

GEORGE HIGGINS MOSES, A.M., United States Senator from New Hampshire

ARTHUR PUTNAM MORRILL, Ph.B., President of the Senate

CHARLES WILLIAM TOBEY, Speaker of the House of Representatives

FRANK NESMITH PARSONS, LL.D., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court

ERNEST WARREN BUTTERFIELD, A.B., Commissioner of Education

JOHN CORBIN HUTCHINS, Member of the State Board of Education

WILFRID J. LESSARD, Member of the State Board of Education

REPRESENTING EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Harvard University

IRVING BABBITT, A.M., Professor of French Literature

FELIX FRANKFURTER, LL.B., Professor of Law

Yale University

FREDERICK SCHEETZ JONES, LL.D., Dean

ERNEST FOX NICHOLS, Sc.D., LL.D., Professor of Physics

HARRY BENJAMIN JEPSON, M.A., Professor of Applied Music

University of Pennsylvania

JOHN FRAZER, A.M., Ph.D., Dean of the Towne Scientific School

Princeton University

WILLIAM FRANCIS MAGIE, Ph.D., LL.D., Dean of the Faculty

GORDON HALL GEROULD, B.Litt. (Oxon.), Professor of English

Columbia University

WILLIAM HENRY CARPENTER, Ph.D., Provost of the University

Brown University

WILLIAM HERBERT PERRY FAUNCE, D.D., LL.D., President

FRANCIS GREENLEAF ALLINSON, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Greek Literature and History

Rutgers College

LEIGH WADSWORTH KIMBALL, Assistant Professor of Romance Languages

University of North Carolina

LESTER ALONZO WILLIAMS, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of School Administration

Dartmouth College

The College Plant in 1919

Parkhurst Hall—the Administration Building

Webster Hall

College Hall—the Commons

Shattuck Observatory

Alumni Gymnasium

University of Vermont

GUY WINFRED BAILEY, A.B., Acting President

FREDERICK TUPPER, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor of the English Language and Literature

Williams College

GEORGE EDWIN HOWES, A.M., Ph.D., Garfield Professor of Ancient Languages

ROBERT LONGLEY TAYLOR, Ph.D., Professor of the Romance Languages

Middlebury College

JOHN MARTIN THOMAS, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., President

DUANE LEROY ROBINSON, A.M., Professor of French

Hamilton College

FREDERICK CARLOS FERRY, LL.D., Sc.D., President

ALBRO DAVID MORRILL, A.M., Professor of Biology

Norwich University

HERBERT RUFUS ROBERTS, A.M., D.C.L., Acting President (Dean of the Faculty and Professor of Latin and French)

KEMP RUSSELL BLANCHARD FLINT, A.M., Professor of Political Science

Amherst College

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., President

THOMAS CUSHING ESTY, M.A., Professor of Mathematics and Secretary of the Faculty

Trinity College

HENRY AUGUSTUS PERKINS, M.A., Acting President

FRANK COLE BABBITT, Ph.D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, Registrar and Secretary of the Faculty

Kenyon College

REVEREND DOCTOR WILLIAM HARTLEY DEWART, 247 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

The Newton Theological Institution

WINFRED NICHOLS DONOVAN, D.D., Professor of Biblical Interpretation, Old Testament

Wesleyan University

GEORGE MATTHEW DUTCHER, Ph.D., Vice-President, and Professor of History

Oberlin College

CHARLES WINFRED SAVAGE, A.M., Professor of Physical Education

Hartford Seminary Foundation

CHARLES STODDARD LANE, D.D., Secretary

Mount Holyoke College

FLORENCE PURINGTON, Litt.D., Dean

Wheaton College

SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE, A.M., D.D., LL.D., President

WALTER OSCAR MCINTIRE, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy

Tufts College

JOHN ALBERT COUSENS, A.B., Acting President

CHARLES ERNEST FAY, A.M., Litt.D., Wade Professor of Modern Languages and Dean of the Graduate School

The Pennsylvania State College

FRED LEWIS PATTEE, M.A., Litt.D., Professor of English and American Literature

Bowdoin College

JOHN FRANKLIN THOMPSON, A.M., M.D., Professor of Diseases of Women, Bowdoin Medical School

PAUL NIXON, A.M., Professor of Latin and Dean

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

FRANK AYDELOTTE, A.M., Professor of English

ALFRED EDGAR BURTON, Sc.D., Professor of Topographical Engineering and Dean of the Faculty

Worcester Polytechnic Institute

ARTHUR WILLARD FRENCH, C.E., Professor of Civil Engineering

New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

RALPH DORN HETZEL, LL.D., President

CHARLES HOLMES PETTEE, A.M., C.E., LL.D., Dean

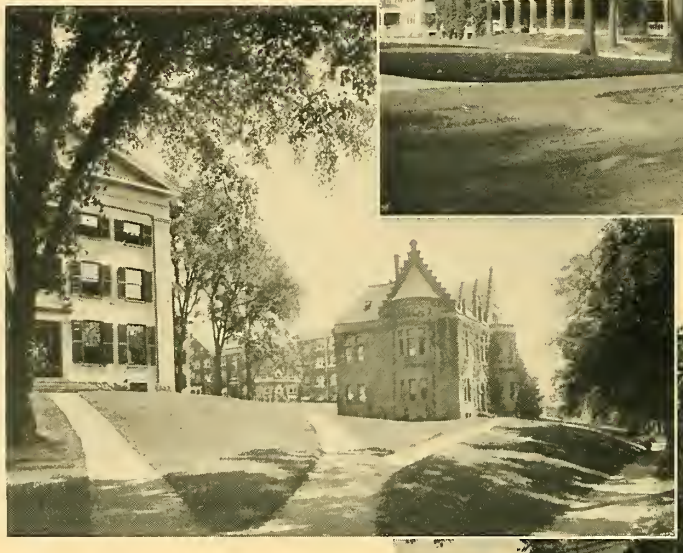
Carleton College

AMBROSE WHITE VERNON, A.M., D.D.

Dartmouth College

The College Plant in 1919

Turning North from the Campus



Dormitories and Recitation Halls

Butterfield Museum

The Old Group and the Yard

Massachusetts Agricultural College

KENYON LEECH BUTTERFIELD, A.M., LL.D., President

ROBERT JAMES SPRAGUE, A.M., Ph.D., Head of Division of the Humanities and Professor of Economics and Sociology

Boston University

ALEXANDER HAMILTON RICE, Ph.D., Professor of Latin

Smith College

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, A.M., Ph.D., President

SIDNEY BRADSHAW FAY, Ph.D., Professor of European History

Wellesley College

ALICE VAN VECHTEN BROWN, Professor of Art

Radcliffe College

BERTHA MAY BOODY, A.M., Dean

Clark University

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER, Ph.D., D.Sc., LL.D., Professor of Physics

Rhode Island State College

HOWARD EDWARDS, LL.D., President

BURT LAWS HARTWELL, M.S., Ph.D., Professor of Agricultural Chemistry

Fairmount College

WALTER HUNTINGTON ROLLINS, D.D., President

Simmons College

CURTIS MORRISON HILLIARD, A.B., Associate Professor of Biology

Clark College

LORING HOLMES DODD, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English

Jackson College

JOHN ALBERT COUSENS, A.B., Acting President

CAROLINE STODDER DAVIES, A.M., Dean

Connecticut College

BENJAMIN TINKHAM MARSHALL, A.M., B.D., President

DAVID DEITCH LEIB, A.M., Ph.D., Associate Professor of Mathematics and Physics

REPRESENTING THE CHANDLER FOUNDATION

DANIEL BLAISDELL RUGGLES, B.S., LL.D.

REPRESENTING THE OVERSEERS OF THE THAYER SCHOOL OF CIVIL ENGINEERING

JONATHAN PARKER SNOW, C.E., Overseer

ROBERT FLETCHER, Ph.D., D.Sc., Overseer and Director Emeritus

REPRESENTING THE ALUMNI

From the Council of the Alumni

CLARENCE BELDEN LITTLE, President

CLINTON HILL MOORE

EDWARD HENRY TROWBRIDGE

WILLIAM MOORE HATCH

EDWARD WALLACE KNIGHT

HENRY PATTERSON BLAIR

ALBION BENJAMIN WILSON

JOSEPH WILLIAM GANNON

HOMER EATON KEYES

NATT WALDO EMERSON

EUGENE FRANCIS CLARK

JAMES ALBERT VAUGHAN

LAFAYETTE RAY CHAMBERLIN

DAVID JOHN MAIN

From Officers of the Association of Alumni

WILLIAM TABOR ABBOTT, President

GUY ANDREWS HAM, Vice-President

LAFAYETTE RAY CHAMBERLIN, Vice-President

PERLEY RUFUS BUGBEE, Treasurer

GEORGE GALLUP CLARK, Executive Committee

GEORGE CRAM AGRY, Executive Committee

From the Association of Class Secretaries

WILLIAM SWAN DANA, President

From the Alumni Association of the Medical School

DR. ELMER HOWARD CARLETON, President

Dartmouth College

The College Plant in 1919

The Bema

Looking Down Tuck Drive

Along Main Street

Another Section of the Drive

REPRESENTING THE STUDENT BODY

The Membership of Palaeopitus
(*See Committees*)

The Senior Class

JOHN ZACK JORDAN, President
ARTHUR WARREN STOCKDALE, Secretary

The Junior Class

CHARLES ROBERT FREEMAN, President
JOHN WILLIAM HUBBELL, Secretary

The Sophomore Class

WALTER HENRY KOPF, President
SUMNER DUDLEY KILMARX, Secretary

The Freshman Class

GRAHAM WHITELAW, President
JAMES THOMAS TAYLOR, Secretary

REPRESENTING THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

JUDGE CHARLES ROBERT CORNING, A.M., President
OTIS GRANT HAMMOND, A.M., Superintendent

REPRESENTING THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

ARTHUR FAIRBANKS, LITT.D., Director

REPRESENTING THE NEW HAMPSHIRE PRESS

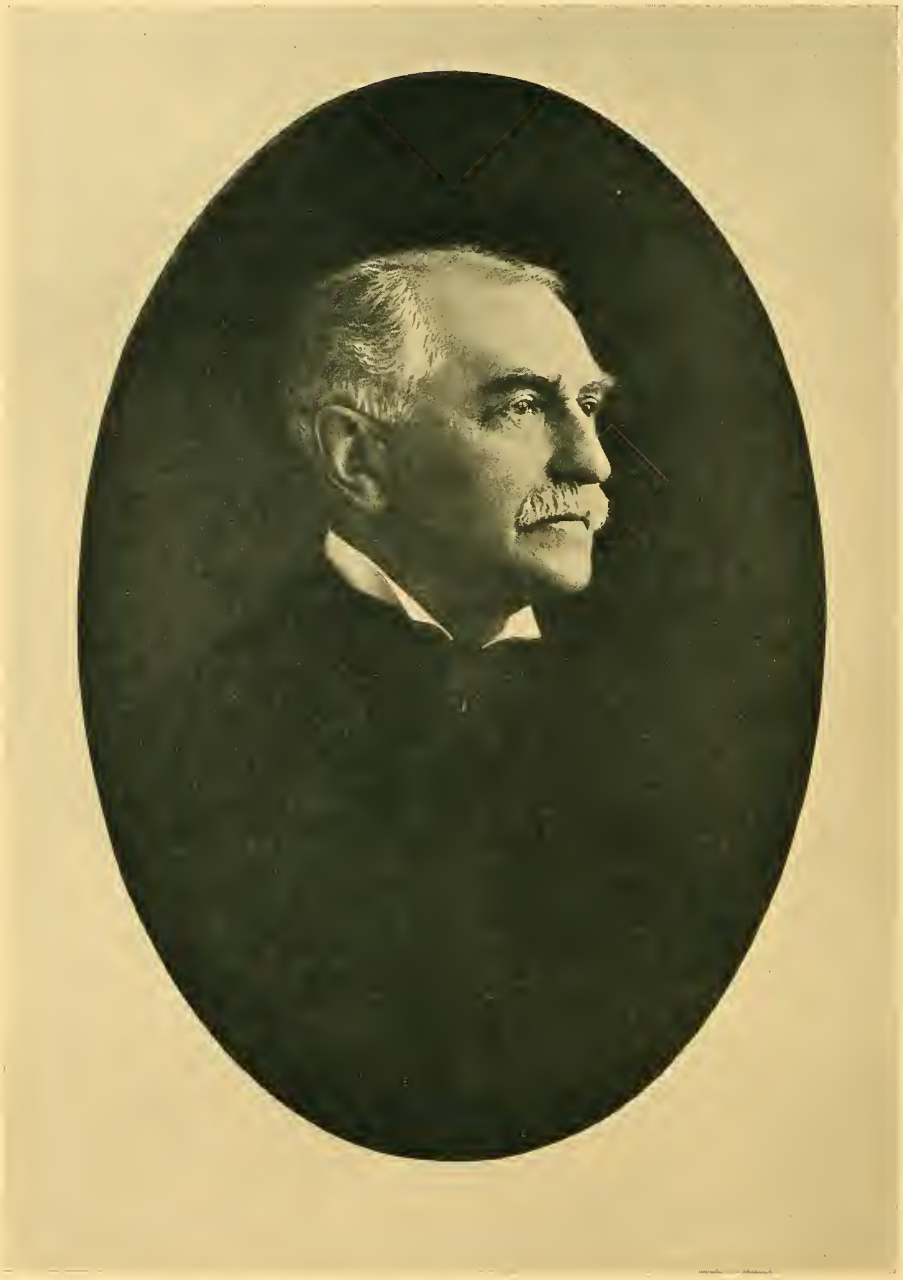
GEORGE LEVI KIBBEE, A.M., The Manchester Union

REPRESENTING THE WHEELOCK SUCCESSION

EDWARD WHEELOCK RUNYON, Brooklyn, New York
WALTER CLARK RUNYON, Scarsdale, New York

The 150th Anniversary of the Founding of Dartmouth College

Dartmouth College Portraits



President Emeritus William Jewett Tucker, D.D., LL.D.
President of DARTMOUTH COLLEGE 1893-1909

WHY DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CELEBRATED

The Story of One Hundred and Fifty Years By Mr. Lord

By JOHN KING LORD, *Professor Emeritus and Trustee of Dartmouth College*

IF a stranger had come to Hanover on the afternoon of October 17, 1919, and, having been fortunate enough to secure quarters at the Inn, had remained for several days, he would have found himself in the midst of an unusual celebration. And if, taking advantage of a beautiful autumnal day, he had walked about the village, he would have seen the ordinary life of the place, somewhat intensified, and the ordinary coming and going of the students, enlivening every corner, but also the arrival of many men, old and young, who greeted one another with more than ordinary warmth, and about whom there seemed to hang an atmosphere of subdued excitement and happy expectancy.

A large tent, erected on the Green, indicated the preparation for an unusual gathering, and in reply to an inquiry as to its use, addressed to one whom he met, the stranger would have heard, "Oh, that is for Dartmouth Night." His uncertainty as to what such a "night" might be, would have been, at least partially, resolved if in the evening he had followed the crowd and entered the tent. He would have found it packed to its capacity with students and alumni of the College, who for two hours listened to speakers that sought to arouse an interest in the life, and to interpret the spirit, of the College.

Later in the evening, we may imagine that, as he sat before an open fire in the lobby of the Inn, he entered into conversation with an elderly man beside him, who said, as the conversation naturally turned upon the crowds and the events of the evening,

"Yes, I am a graduate of Dartmouth and I have come to attend its sesquicentennial celebration."

"Perhaps then," said the stranger, "as I am to be here for some days, you will tell me something about the College that will enable me better to appreciate the meaning of the celebration."

"I will try to do so," said the graduate, "for the celebration is interesting from the fact that there are only six colleges in the country that antedate Dartmouth and that can, therefore, have had such a celebration, and because the importance of the occasion lies both in a consideration of its history and of what it hopes to be and do. Of course, the present and the future must be the outgrowth of its past, and, so, you will not think it strange if I tell you something of the beginnings that prepared the way for its development.

"Dartmouth College was a product of the Great Awakening. Eleazar Wheelock, a minister of Lebanon, Connecticut, and prominent in the Awakening, formed the plan of Christianizing the Indians, not so much by sending white missionaries among them as by educating Indian boys and girls and sending them back to their

Dartmouth College
The College Plant in 1919

Massachusetts Hall from the Campus

Sanborn Hall

New Hampshire Hall

Hitchcock Hall

The Story of One Hundred and Fifty Years By Mr. Lord

tribes to teach and to preach the gospel. The school, which he opened in his family for this purpose, was successful, gaining much support in this country and also in England and Scotland, where one of his Indian pupils, Samson Occum, ordained as a minister, made a decided impression. But the difficulty of bringing Indian pupils so far from their homes led Wheelock to determine to move his school to a place nearer the Indian tribes, and after examination he settled upon New Hampshire.

"Among other reasons for this conclusion was the favor of Governor John Wentworth, the last royal governor of the Province, who, in addition to other benefits, gave him a charter of a college, most liberal in its provisions. Churchman though he was, perhaps because he was a churchman and feared the influence of dissenters, Wentworth made a condition that seven of the twelve trustees, of whom the governor was to be one, should be laymen, and also, in the interest of his Province, that eight of them should be residents of New Hampshire. Wheelock was the first president, and, except that he was allowed to nominate his own successor, subject to approval by the trustees, the government of the College was put into the hands of trustees, unlimited except in imposing any religious test.

"Wheelock selected Hanover as a site for his infant institution, and perhaps, Sir, you will let your imagination picture its beginnings. His welcome was the primeval forest, giant pines on what is now the Green, deciduous trees on the rocky knoll of the observatory. Among the pines he built his first 'log hut' in the present College Yard, and a little later he erected on the Green two buildings, which have long since disappeared. His enterprise was that of the pioneer and was accompanied by the hardships that belong to that life, more than doubled by his being solely responsible for the College and the community that gathered about it. Upon him came the financial and physical support of the College, the development of plans for its increase and for securing friends for it, the establishing of relations with the Indian tribes, and the welfare of the village.

"Twenty students at the beginning, rising to a hundred within five years, show the extent of his influence and the success of his efforts, but they increased his labors, for the operations of building, necessary for their housing, and of agriculture, necessary for their feeding, demanded his constant attention, and this was made more difficult by the outbreak of the Revolution with the consequent loss of supplies from abroad and the withdrawal of Indian pupils. But owing, as he said, to the 'pure mercy of God' resources did not wholly fail and the College did not close its doors, as others did, from the alarms of war or the fear of Indian raids.

"Wheelock was nearly sixty years old when, with the inspiration and courage of youth, he came to subdue the wilderness and plant a college within it. It is not strange that he died after nine years, worn out with his manifold labors; it is rather strange that he endured so long.

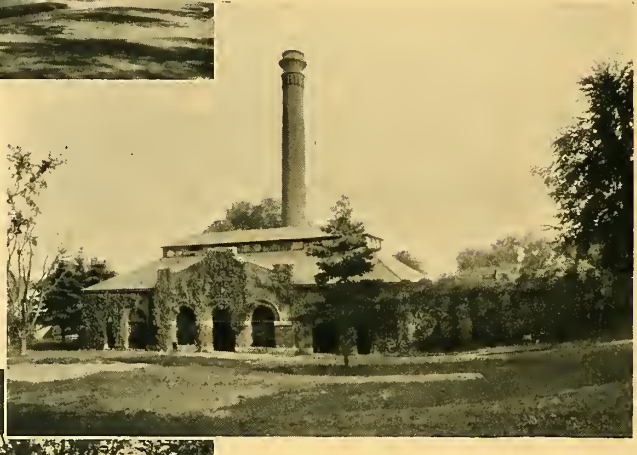
"You can well understand, Sir, that a graduate is proud of the beginnings of the College. He likes to dwell upon its story of heroic times, of great men and

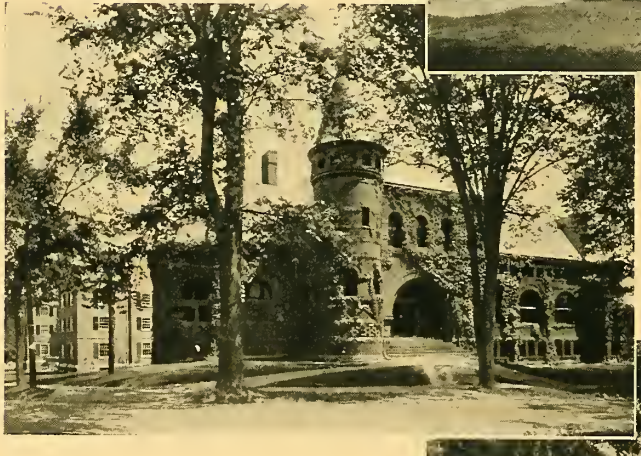
Dartmouth College

The College Plant in 1919

The Inn

The Heating Plant





The Library

Rollins Chapel

The Story of One Hundred and Fifty Years By Mr. Lord

great events, and to believe that the spirit of the founder has passed into the institution, and that his resolve of high adventure, his courage and undaunted endurance have given substance to the traditions of the College. It is certain that no other college has such an inspiring background.

"Under John Wheelock, who succeeded his father in the presidency, Dartmouth took a prominent position among the colleges of the country, for a score of years rivaling in numbers Harvard, Yale and Princeton. But the son was not the equal of the father, and after many years of successful administration, in which, in 1798, the Medical School was established by Dr. Nathan Smith, inherited autocratic traits, not counteracted by wide sympathies, led to a local controversy that broadened into the strife of political parties, in which the legislature of the State passed acts to change the charter of the College. The trustees refused to accept the change and the 'Dartmouth College Case,' with which you may be familiar, rose from their attempt to maintain at law their rights under the old charter.

"Carried from the State courts to the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, it was argued there by Daniel Webster, the most distinguished son of the College, and the decision of the Court, delivered by Chief Justice Marshall and following the line of Webster's argument, that the acts of the legislature were unconstitutional, being obnoxious to the provision for the inviolability of contracts, restored the College to its rights and justified Mr. Hopkinson, Webster's associate in the case, in suggesting, in reference to the victory of the College, the words, now inscribed on the walls of Webster Hall, 'Founded by Eleazar Wheelock, refounded by Daniel Webster.'

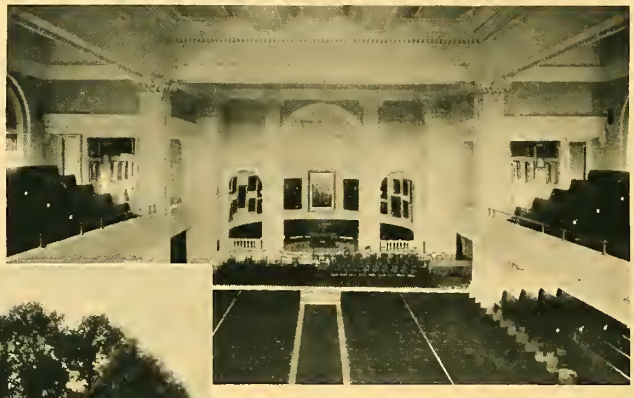
"The full story of that great case brings in many actors, the unterrified trustees, President Brown, who succeeded John Wheelock, and Professors Adams and Shurtleff, each of whom contributed an essential part to the result, and many friends whose financial aid was indispensable. But victory was only less exhausting than defeat would have been, especially as it was attended with the death of President Brown, who was worn out by his labors and died in the year following.

"With President Brown ended the first of the three marked periods in the history of the College. The two Wheelocks represented the patriarchal and autocratic form of government, from which the College broke away under President Brown only with a wrench that was almost fatal. What, under the circumstances, was inevitable, and perhaps desirable, under the first Wheelock became insupportable under the second, when the wilderness disappeared before the advance of communities that formed a new constituency for the College, and when the trustees represented interests that were vitally concerned in its welfare. It was the misfortune of John Wheelock that he could interpret the times only in terms of his own authority.

"The second period, from 1828 to 1892, likewise covered by three presidents, Nathan Lord, Asa Dodge Smith and Samuel Colcord Bartlett, presents the natural development of the College as a part of the higher educational system of the coun-

Dartmouth College

The College Plant in 1919



Interior of Webster Hall

The College Church

Robinson Hall—Home of Student Organizations

Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital

The Story of One Hundred and Fifty Years By Mr. Lord

try, when it was the natural gateway to the professions and performed its function by laying special stress upon training and character. The third period from 1893, again under three presidents, William Jewett Tucker, Ernest Fox Nichols and Ernest Martin Hopkins, was one of expansion and readjustment to the changed and changing conditions of the times.

"For the eight years following the close of the first period the College, under Presidents Daniel Dana and Bennet Tyler, went through a process of convalescence, smoothing animosities, regaining friends and preparing for the rapid advance under President Lord, whose long administration from 1828 to 1863 witnessed a remarkable growth in numbers, the erection of buildings, a considerable increase in endowments and the establishment of the Chandler Scientific School, the first of its kind.

"With this administration began the modern history of the College, outwardly as well as inwardly. Observatory Hill, as we know it, became a park instead of a pasture, the College yard was made real by the enclosing buildings that today mark it off, the Green was defined and the streets about it bordered with the trees that in their age now adorn them. Dr. Lord's extraordinary ability as an administrator and disciplinarian, effective in a personal contact with the students not now possible, carried on the moral fervor of the earlier time and impressed upon the College that rugged individuality and that resolute purpose that have marked its sons.

"Under Presidents Smith and Bartlett the College held steadily on its way. Buildings were added, endowments increased, though, as ever before, the wolf was at the door and the treasurer more often reported a deficit than a surplus as a result of a year's operations. During Dr. Smith's administration the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts was associated with Dartmouth, but was withdrawn in about twenty years, and the Thayer School of Civil Engineering was established. Under Dr. Bartlett the College responded to the educational movement of the time by omitting Greek as a requirement for admission, by introducing a considerable range of elective studies and by admitting the alumni to representation on its Board of Trustees.

"The third period began with President Tucker in 1893 and is spoken of as that of the 'New Dartmouth.' But it was new only as it was a development of the old. It was informed by the same spirit, it looked to the same ends, but through a process of adaptation it was led to larger endeavors and wider influence. Recognizing the demands of modern thought, of the widening domain of science and of the broadening field of education, it sought to enrich its courses and strengthen its results by making use of whatever means these advances offered. New chairs of instruction were established, new facilities for study were opened and all the resources of the College were utilized by the union of the College with the Chandler Scientific School. If you would understand the scope of the forward movement and its inward impulse I suggest that you read President Tucker's Report to the

Dartmouth College

The College Plant in 1919

Fayerweather Row

Richardson Hall

Massachusetts Row

The Story of One Hundred and Fifty Years By Mr. Lord

Alumni on his Administration, and particularly that extraordinary book, *My Generation*, in which he interprets the movements of his time and makes clear the principles which had such a compelling exemplification in the growth of the College during his presidency.

"Within those sixteen years the college plant was more than doubled through the addition of thirteen dormitories, a dormitory and commons combined, four recitation halls or laboratories, an auditorium and a heating and lighting plant, and also many houses for residences for the faculty. Besides the added value of the plant the endowment was more than doubled, the teaching force and the number of students increased threefold, and the Tuck School of Business Administration and Finance was organized.

"The value of these outward gains was matched by an inner development affecting both the alumni and the students. The former were brought into a close and vital relation to the College, by which, through their representation on the Board of Trust and in the formation of the Association of Class Secretaries they recognized their share in the responsibility for its well-being in other than financial ways; the latter, through a sense of duty implied in greater freedom and through the accumulated influence of ideals set before them by President Tucker, especially in the conduct of the chapel exercises and in the Sunday evening vesper service, exhibited a more orderly and self-respecting mode of college life. This inward development was further emphasized by the relation of the public which, as shown by an enlarged constituency, became increasingly interested in the College.

"Under President Nichols, who followed President Tucker for seven years, the momentum thus gained was continued in new buildings, more gifts and further increase in students. When President Hopkins assumed his office in 1916 the war was already disturbing the life of the College, and after the United States entered the war in the following spring Dartmouth, like other colleges, responded heartily, showing that beneath what seemed to some a frivolous exterior, they held the genuine spirit of manhood and high idealism. The complete disruption of academic life by the Students' Army Training Corps made it impossible to forecast to what degree it would be renewed after the war. It was, therefore, a surprise to the authorities to receive this fall the largest class in the history of the College, and to be brought face to face with a serious problem.

"The College plant is set for about 1500 students, a less number than is now in actual attendance. Indications point to an increase rather than a decrease. What the policy of the College is to be in the matter of enlargement has not been announced. Some would restrict the numbers to an arbitrary limit by one or more of the various devices directed to that end. Others think that an institution, while always careful about the quality of its membership, must take the fortune of its growth, and that to establish an arbitrary limit is to introduce an element of weakness. But to expand will entail great expense. New dormitories, new lecture and recitation rooms, new laboratories, a new library building, a new chapel and

Dartmouth College

The College Plant in 1919

The Oval with Alumni Gymnasium in the Background

Looking South from the Tower Over College and Village

The Home of the Hanover Country Club

an enlarged heating and lighting plant must be provided, to say nothing of a new auditorium. With these material things must come a larger faculty and more chairs of instruction, all calling for more endowment. At the end of a hundred and fifty years the College faces the burdens of poverty, but it is the poverty of the riches of expanding opportunity."

The speaker paused, as if in doubt of what next to say, when the stranger, who had been quietly listening, said,

"This afternoon, as I walked about the village, I counted, if I remember correctly, forty buildings devoted wholly to the current life and work of the College, and one, who kindly gave me direction, told me that the College had about twenty other buildings for residential and business purposes. I walked by the athletic field, which a workman told me was to be enlarged and improved, and then I climbed a tower on the hill behind the buildings, thinking to gain a panoramic view of the place. Though surprised at the sylvan setting of the village, I was charmed with the prospect, the hill girt plain, upon which the College stands, seeming to offer the perfect combination of those things that lure and strengthen the love of nature and give spur to mental effort. But as I looked upon the plant and its fair surroundings I felt that I did not get at the work and method of the College. Perhaps you can tell me of them."

"It is difficult to be brief upon such a subject," replied the graduate, "except in a formal way, but that may be enough. The College offers to undergraduates two degrees, A.B. and B.S., the former being distinguished from the latter by the requirement of a certain amount of Latin or Greek. Each of the two courses is limited by a certain amount of prescriptions and by 'groups' of subjects, so that in each course about sixty per cent of a student's work is rather definitely fixed, but beyond that the electives of the two courses are the same. Instruction, to about fifteen hours a week, is given by recitations, lectures and laboratory work, at which, as at morning chapel and Sunday evening vespers, attendance is required, though with a considerable allowance of 'cuts', as unexcused absences are called, but otherwise, in the use of one's time the College is set toward freedom and not restraint. The college course covers four years, but provision is made so that able and diligent students can shorten it by half a year.

"Though there are three graduate schools, in medicine, civil engineering, and business administration, the College does not assume the function of a university in prolonged and highly specialized work, but rather seeks to give the training and impulse that are essential for further study or attainment in any field. The courses of these graduate schools are so related to the undergraduate courses that the specialized work of the schools may begin before the student's graduation and count toward his first degree, with the saving of a year's time in completing the two courses.

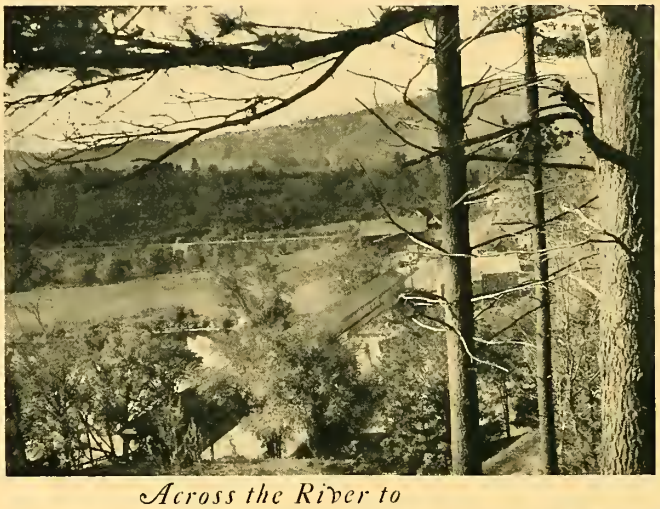
"The College pays great attention to the health of its students. Though there is an excellent hospital, where these may be cared for when ill, it seeks to take the

Dartmouth College

The College Plant in 1919

From the Observatory

Bartlett Tower



Across the River to the Vermont Shore

On the Connecticut North of Hanover

utmost precaution against sickness. Every student, on entering College, is examined by the Medical Director, and is required to take a specified amount of outdoor exercise in some form that he may choose, but which must be steady and systematic. This, in connection with the organized athletics of the College, tends to develop the sound body for the sound mind, and perhaps nothing has tended more in this direction than the activities of the Outing Club, which, including in its membership a large part of the students, has during the last ten years exerted a powerful influence toward a life of healthful outdoor exercise. A series of cabins, belonging to the Club and extending from Hanover to the White Mountains, offers a strong inducement for acquaintance with life in the open.

"To a large degree the students furnish their own social life, partly through their dormitory relations and partly through their fraternities and their clubs of various kinds, musical, dramatic, and literary. The College has always fostered a democratic spirit, first as the expression of the purpose of its founding, and then from the self-reliant and self-dependent character of its students, and with the increasing numbers, representing a wider diffusion of wealth, it still seeks to maintain that spirit. To this end, in its organized life it allows no distinction based on money. Its dormitories are so arranged that every one provides for the poor as well as the rich in equal association, and no dormitory is allowed to pass into the use of a class or group. In the same way the fraternities are not permitted to separate themselves from the life of the College by withdrawing into capacious houses of their own, where all the members may live and eat together."

At this point the stranger interrupted.

"The spirit of an institution," said he, "seems to me all important. You earlier spoke of the 'purpose' of the founding of the College as a missionary one. Is that its purpose today, or has it changed?"

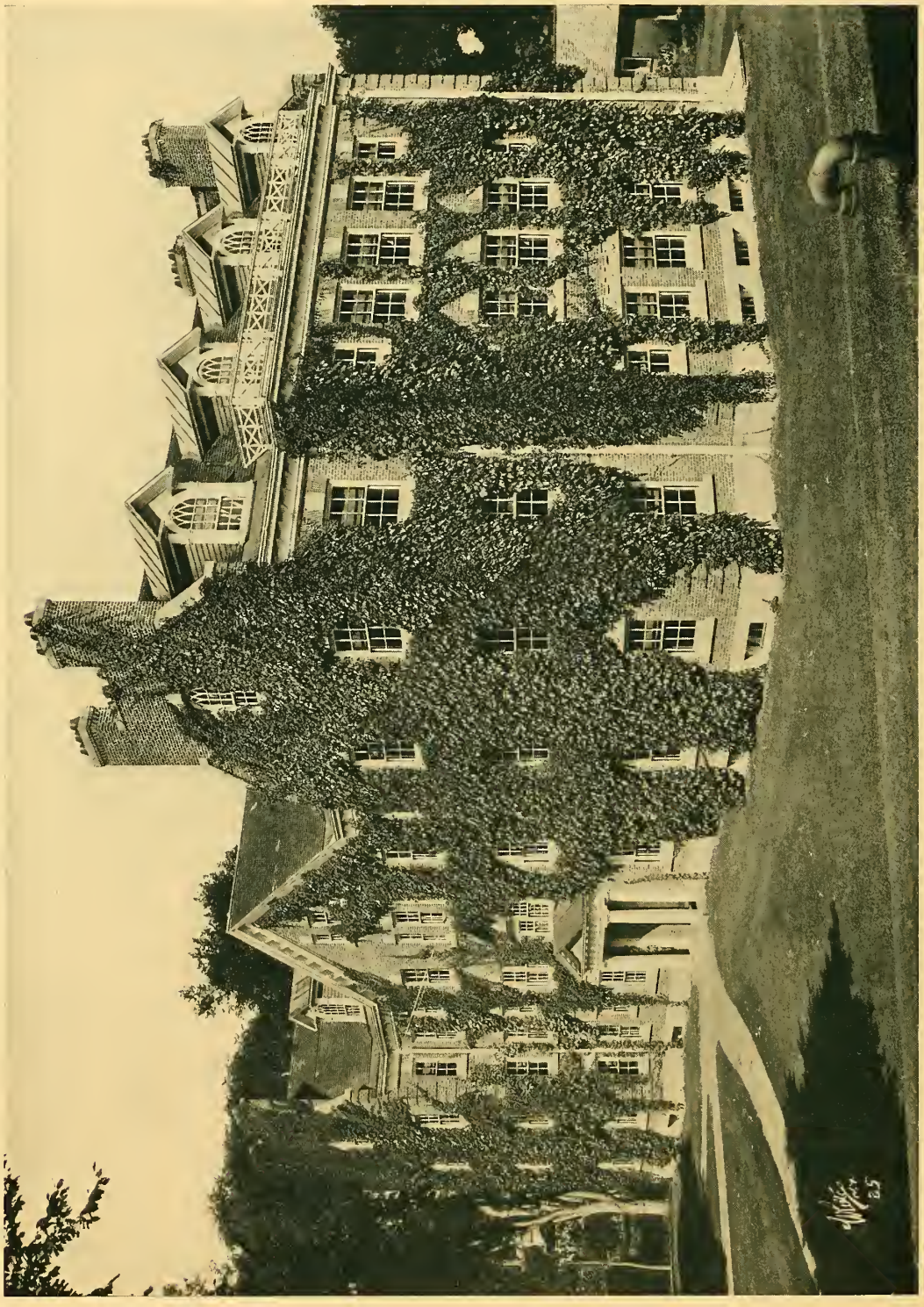
The graduate thought a moment and then replied.

"I think," said he, "that the purpose has not changed in substance, but it has in form. In the changing life of men one could hardly expect that in a hundred and fifty years the expression of a great idea would remain the same. Wheelock had in mind the uplift and evangelization of the Indian through his acceptance of theological and dogmatic truth. But the condition of the Indian has wholly changed and today emphasis is laid upon the application of truth more than on its dogmatic statement. The Indian as an object of effort has become merged in the larger interests of mankind, and the College, while as hospitable as ever to the Indian, finds that its mission is to serve far wider ends. It is still missionary in purpose, it still would be, according to the motto in its seal, *vox clamantis in deserto*, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, but it would be the voice of a living man, addressed to living men and not the echo of a changeless form. Its mission can be fulfilled only as it interprets to each new generation the meaning of helpful life."

After a moment's silence the two men rose, as if with a common impulse, and went out to the porch of the Inn. As they stood there in the cool October night,

Dartmouth College

The College Plant in 1919



Wheeler Hall

looking out upon the quiet Green, dimly outlined by the trees from whose branches autumn had shaken the robes of summer, and beyond the Green upon the College yard, which was illumined by rows of electric lights that threw into bold relief the gables of the buildings about it and marked with a soft radiance the beautiful outline of the belfry on Dartmouth Hall, they both felt the spell of the time and place, but it was the graduate who spoke.

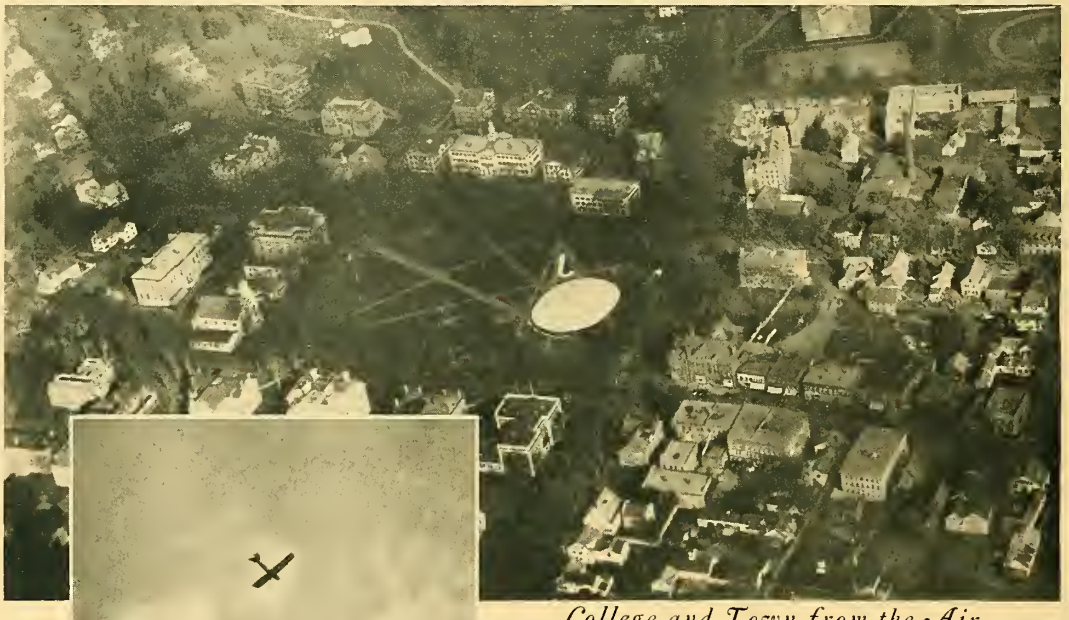
The Story of One Hundred and Fifty Years By Mr. Lord

"This place," said he, "after our talk, as often, brings to me more than the present. I seem to hear the whisper of the pines that gave to Wheelock his welcome here, and the ring of the axe that made a habitation for him and his College. I see the gradual changes in the College, and there rise before me the many generations of students, as in the long years they have come and gone, working in these halls, playing on this Green, until, on Commencement days, they have gathered in academic procession for the last exercise of their college life. A goodly company they have been and are, honored in the past and strenuous in the present, and as they pass before me I feel that the College has indeed been an *Alma Mater*, whom her sons may justly love, and whose progress in the past is an omen and an assurance of the future."

"Yes," said the other, "the vision is compelling, including both the past and the future, and though seeing it only in part I, too, would say of the College *esto beata*, *esto perpetua*."

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial

A Sesqui-Centennial Visitor



College and Town from the Air

The First Airplane to Land in Hanover

PROLOGUE: THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

George Levi Kibbee

The Story of the Celebration

From an article written for the ALUMNI MAGAZINE *by George Levi Kibbee, A. M., Chief Editorial Writer of the Manchester Union.*

NOTE — The Dartmouth Sesqui-Centennial celebration naturally divided into two rather distinct parts. There was, first, the general alumni and undergraduate get-together which occupied the period from Friday, October seventeenth, through the following Saturday evening.

From Sunday morning, when the Reverend Ozora Davis preached his remarkable sermon, the celebration became formally academic, the College offering hospitality to representatives of other institutions, and shaping its program definitely along forward-looking educational lines.

The succeeding record offers in full the addresses of Dartmouth Night, and of the subsequent more formal occasions. But the atmosphere of the event and of the Dartmouth of October, 1919, will be best appreciated from a perusal of Mr. Kibbee's narrative, which was printed in the *Alumni Magazine* for December, 1919, and part of which is reprinted here.

Friday, October 17

ALL day Friday, dwellers along the state roads leading up from Boston saw automobiles bearing banners of green and white, inscribed with a legend telling them that the Boston alumni were on their way to Dartmouth. If all the home-coming alumni had been similarly provided, dwellers on all the roads and travellers on all the trains would have known that Hanover was the center toward which men were moving from many cities and states. They came from all directions, many of them from far away, and in great numbers. There is no complete record of alumni attendance — although an attempt was made to get a registration. Hundreds forgot or did not think to register, yet some idea of the size and completeness of alumni representation at the celebration may be obtained from the fact that 443 Dartmouth men left their names with the registrars at College Hall, and that even this incomplete list contains members of every class back to 1870, some who were at Dartmouth in the 60's, and one at least, Benjamin A. Kimball of the trustees, who linked the celebration back to '54. The class of '06 had the largest registration, 91.

All the visiting alumni were not present on Friday night, of course. Not all who came later remained throughout the celebration after their arrival. There was a constant coming and going. But a good many were present when the celebration began. Even on Friday night the accommodations provided by emptying Massachusetts and North Massachusetts Halls of undergraduates, were pretty well taken up, the regular occupants of the dormitories, by the way, doubling up with friends in other buildings, or sleeping in the gymnasium, where 250 army cots had been placed. Besides, the homes of Hanover had been opened, and even in neighboring towns in New Hampshire and Vermont there were anniversary visitors. The Inn, of course, was filled.

So it was a great throng of Dartmouth men that gathered on the Campus for the opening event of the celebration — Dartmouth Night.

Dartmouth Night

It was a dark night, that Friday night, the seventeenth, and seemed the more so because of the brilliance of the electrical outline of the cornices and pediments of

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Dartmouth, Wentworth and Thornton Halls, and the dull glow of the great tent which stood at the southern end of the Green. Out of the darkness came sights and sounds dear to Dartmouth men. A few flickering torches and the strains of a military march told that the college band was approaching at the head of the undergraduates, picking up group by group as the lengthening procession wound its way among the college halls by a route marked by green flares. Then came a Wah-Hoo-Wah crashing through the dark from somewhere, and another, and then another, as the torches of the band drew near the Green and the undergraduates came on to escort the alumni in the Dartmouth Night parade.

As the line passed up the Campus, torches were distributed to the marchers, and suddenly the dark procession blossomed out in dancing, fancy-touching light.

Turning at the White Church, the torch-bearers countermarched to the Inn, there to cheer, class after class, Gen. Joab N. Patterson '64, of Concord, the honorary marshal, who was a marshal upon the occasion of the celebration of Dartmouth's centenary in '69. The General stood on the Inn veranda, reviewing the long parade, and responding as cheer after cheer arose in his honor.

Then the marchers went to President Hopkins' house, cheering as they passed it, and thence to the tent on the campus, the Rollins Chapel peal ringing, the while.

Here let it be said that the one note of sadness in the entire celebration was heard at the outset. There could be no marching past Dr. Tucker's home. Throughout the anniversary event the beloved leader of Dartmouth men was ill — too ill to receive callers, or even permit of telephone calls to his house.

But this sadness existed only as an undertone. It was present, and the note was heard from time to time, but from first to last the celebration was a symphony of rejoicing and confident faith. When Dr. Tucker's name was spoken on that Dartmouth Night, it was cheered as if he were there to hear it.

It is estimated that the tent in which the Dartmouth Night exercises took place had a seating and standing capacity of 3,000. Upon that basis, a calculation of the attendance would arrive at just about 3,000. And, as it turned out, that large company was "in-tent" upon more than a good time — the pun being chargeable to no less a person than the chairman, not the writer. There was one present who is almost a stranger at Hanover, although not to Dartmouth men. Not being familiar with the ways of college gatherings, he asked one of the professors what Dartmouth Night was to be like.

"Dartmouth Night," was the facetious reply, "is the night when we thank God that we are Dartmouth men, and are not like other men. There will be speaking, and singing, and cheering. And when the formal program is over, we shall have a 'sing.' It is a great, jolly get-together."

So the stranger was prepared for a night of unfettered jollification. Well, it was a stirring night, but its prevailing tone was serious, —not somber, but serious. There was cheering in plenty, and it was vibrant — and there was singing, too, but when the addresses had been given, and The Dartmouth Song had been sung, the audi-

ence melted away. Yet there was no least feeling that Dartmouth Night had failed. This same stranger heard scores of men say that it was the finest they had ever attended, and some of these have been present at many Dartmouth Nights.

Saturday, October 18

It had seemed as if pretty much all the Dartmouth world had arrived at Hanover on Friday, but Saturday was another day of home-coming for Dartmouth men. All day long they came, and from far and near. This was a day of informal reunions, of inspecting the college buildings, of social gatherings, one of them being at Moose Mountain Cabin, of football — quite memorable football, by the way. And in the evening, a revival of "The Founders" was given.

Throughout the morning hours there was a steady stream of guests pouring in and out of the newer buildings. Many of the alumni hadn't seen the newest of these, and to some a good deal of the present day Dartmouth was new. A few, too, were accompanied by their wives, for although accommodations did not permit a general invitation to the ladies, some of the alumni brought their wives, and obtained lodgings in private homes or in the nearby towns.

There was another attraction, too. The golf links called to some of the alumni. And as the morning wore away, there was somewhat of an exodus in the direction of Moose Mountain. For a roast pig barbecue was in preparation there, thanks to the Rev. John E. Johnson's generosity, and Professor Leland Griggs and a committee working with him had arranged for a pilgrimage to the favorite mountain shrine of the Outing Club. It is said that provision had been made for a hundred and fifty guests, that three hundred hungry Dartmouth men responded to the invitation, and that all returned to the College in a Charles Lamb frame of mind with reference to roast pig. It has not been suggested that there was a miraculous multiplying of the pig, so the supposition is that the arrangements had the quality of elasticity. At all events, it appeared to be a sleek and satisfied crowd that got back to Hanover for the football game.

That game won't be forgotten soon. Mention Penn State to anybody who was at Hanover for the anniversary and you will awaken memories of a mighty cheer that rose higher and higher as the ball which Dartmouth had kicked off sailed up towards the gymnasium, and then began to die away as the ball fell into the hands of a Penn Stater by the name of Way. And it kept right on dying as this same Way got his stride, ducked, dodged, and went through obstacle after obstacle, and, with the aid of some first-rate interference, got out into open country and fetched up behind the Green goal posts. This wasn't the last cheer, however.

But the story of that game need not be repeated here. Let it suffice to say that Dartmouth got the lead by steadily pegging away at the line, only to lose it again when Way got a fumbled ball on his 15-yard line and ran the length of the field for another touchdown. Again Dartmouth scored by steady gains in the line, and in the third period Holbrook broke through the Penn State defense in midfield and

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial Alumni Visit the Outing Club

The Expedition to Moose Mountain

Guests of the Outing Club

scored after a run that did something towards matching Way's performances. There were other tense situations and nerve-racking plays, Penn State holding for downs twice and getting the ball on its own two-yard line, for example. But Holbrook's long run settled matters, and the game ended with a 19 to 13 win for the Green.

It need hardly be said that one of the biggest football crowds ever assembled at Hanover saw the game, the stands that extended the length of the field on both sides being filled and both open ends being densely packed.

On Saturday night the Dartmouth Dramatic and Musical Clubs occupied the stage, literally as well as figuratively. "The Founders," first in the long series of Dartmouth undergraduate musical plays, was chosen for the anniversary theatrical performance, and was well played before an audience that filled Webster Hall. Merely to mention "The Founders" is to recall to all Dartmouth men a tuneful operetta, the product of James W. Wallace '07, Harry R. Wellman '07, and Walter C. Rogers '09. Upon this occasion Professor Wellman directed the orchestra.

"The Founders" is full of vigor, moves along with a swinging stride, and is full of Dartmouth tradition and of the music that lives at Dartmouth. The anniversary revival brought it all back again, fresh and living.

Sunday, October 19

For all the magnitude of the anniversary gathering, the coming of new arrivals, the flitting hither and thither of individuals and groups in quest of friends, or arranging for class and fraternity reunions, the indefinable calm and charm of a New England Sunday pervaded Hanover on the third day of the celebration. Perhaps the founder would not have recognized in the present day equivalents of ancient forms an expression of reverence, but no reference to calendar or program was necessary for present day men to know that this tranquil day was the first of the week.

Of course, this was the day of the anniversary sermon, preached in the White Church by the Rev. Dr. Ozora S. Davis '89, president of the Chicago Theological Seminary. Not all attended the service, but all who could get into the church were present.

Sunday Afternoon and Evening

Between the anniversary sermon and vespers, there was nothing on the formal program, but every moment of that time was compact of the stuff of the anniversary for hundreds of Dartmouth men. It was in these hours that most of the fraternity and class reunions took place, although others occurred from time to time throughout most of the anniversary period, as classmates met, or as some energetic classman discovered from the registration that enough of his year's men were present to make a reunion, and set about getting them together. But on Sunday afternoon, in all the fraternity houses there were gatherings, large or small, formal or informal. Noteworthy among these was the gathering of Theta Delta Chi, at

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which a tablet was unveiled in memory of the men of the fraternity who gave their lives in the War of the Nations.

Throughout the afternoon, too, there was steady access of attendance, many of the representatives of the older eastern colleges arriving to take part in the central event of the celebration on the following day. By this time, the anniversary assemblage was virtually complete, and while it could not be seen at one place or time, one could not but be impressed with its character, the breadth of its interests, and the loyalty and affection for Dartmouth of these men from far and near, from the forum and the pulpit, from the office and the counting-room, from college halls and from industry, governors, senators, congressmen, educators, preachers, men from all the professions, and great vocations.

In the afternoon of Sunday, the skies became overcast, and a light rain began to fall, the only period of unfavorable weather in all the anniversary days. Even this was not damaging or even dampening, the rain being little more than a drizzle, and really having no effect at all other than that of promoting the sociability at the Inn, the fraternity houses, and the dormitories.

At 5.30 o'clock there was a large gathering for the vesper service at Rollins Chapel.

After vespers, the delegates, guests of the College, their hosts and hostesses, assembled in Robinson Hall, where a buffet supper was served. It was a noteworthy gathering. The guests had for the most part arrived in Hanover by this time, and most of them were at Robinson. It was interesting to watch the kaleidoscopic regrouping of men and women, here, for example, around Judge Stafford of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, who was to be one of the speakers on the morrow; there around President Hetzel of the State College; yonder around Governor Bartlett; and not once but many times around President Hopkins himself as he welcomed the men who had come from other colleges to join in Dartmouth's festivities.

The closing event of Anniversary Sunday was an organ recital at Rollins Chapel, on the Streeter organ, by Harry Benjamin Jepson, Professor of Applied Music and University Organist at Yale University. It was attended by a large and appreciative audience.

So ended Anniversary Sunday, a day of worship and of reunion, closing with the high thoughts inspired always by the musical instrument created for and characteristic of the Christian Church, under the hands of a master. As the night wore on, the rain still fell, but lightly.

Monday, October 20

The morning was crisp and cloudless. The sun, rising directly over Dartmouth Hall, was the first and most welcome of sights that greeted the eyes of the alumni as they left the Massachusetts Halls for breakfast, the last of the Anniversary Day visitors to return after a brief absence on Sunday, bringing all that was needed to

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make the events of the day perfectly enjoyable. The misgivings of the rainy Sunday night disappeared. In the sweet, cool air and the flawless light of a New England autumn day at its best, the men of Dartmouth met on that anniversary morning as they hurried through the necessary business of the early hours with only words of buoyant good cheer.

This was the high day of the observance — Anniversary Day — to which all else had been preliminary or incidental. This Monday, October 20, was the day when Dartmouth stood with the representatives of the state whose charter it holds, and of the great fellowship of the College, remembered its great past, and looked forward with faith as clear as the light that flooded the Campus.

Swiftly the sunrise scene changed. In place of hastening breakfasters, came figures in cap and gown and hood, familiar, some of them, others known only to a few and pointed out as the representatives of other colleges or the great universities. At first they moved about as if to no central purpose, but gradually a definite current in the direction of Rollins Chapel became observable. There, those who were to take part in the academic procession were assembling for morning prayers.

The Academic Procession

The academic procession was, to all intents and purposes, formed in the chapel. Admission was by numbered ticket, the holders sitting so that, as they left their seats, those who were to march side-by-side met each other in the aisle. The brief service was conducted by President Hopkins, and at its close the marshal's staff directed the forming of the long line, which, headed by Nevers' band of Concord, stretched away from the chapel, past Webster Hall, and to the White Church.

It was a noteworthy company indeed, a cross section of educated America.

The procession has begun to move. At its head is the honorary marshal, Gen. J. N. Patterson, he who was the active marshal a half century ago; and beside him the marshal of today, Professor Eugene Francis Clark, the College Secretary. Here is President Hopkins, and beside him Governor John H. Bartlett. It is one of the appropriate incidents of the anniversary that after a century and a half it is once more a Portsmouth governor who is associated with the President of the College in the affairs of Dartmouth as, at the beginning, it was a Portsmouth colonial governor, John Wentworth, who was associated with Wheelock in laying the broad, deep and lasting foundations of the College, foundations laid in such fashion that, while College and State are separate, they are intimately and necessarily related.

President and Governor are followed by the trustees and some of the administrative officers, each escorting one of the speakers of the day or some distinguished participant in the exercises — for example, Gen. Frank S. Streeter accompanies former President Nichols, Lewis Parkhurst accompanies President Burton of the University of Minnesota, and so on.

Follows the Alumni Council, arranged in academic seniority, then come the guests of the College. The members of the Governor's Council are next in the line,

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then the state officials — President Arthur P. Morrill of the Senate, Speaker Charles W. Tobey of the House of Representatives, Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons of the Supreme Court, members of the New Hampshire Board of Education and the Department of Education, and others.

Then the Town of Hanover appears, its town officers being in the line, and after them the representatives of American colleges and universities arranged in the order of academic seniority: Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, Columbia, Brown, Rutgers, North Carolina, Williams, and many more.

Then come the Dartmouth faculty, and at last the alumni, arranged by classes in so far as this is practicable.

The procession, in all its academic glory of cap and gown, and multi-colored hoods, American and foreign, marches around the Campus before a great company, and under the searching eyes of cameras. At Webster Hall the commencement custom is observed, the double file of seniors opening out and forming an aisle through which the remainder of the procession passes into the hall.

The Pageant and Luncheon

The formal exercises over, a change came swiftly over the whole scene. The Campus was all life and movement. The undergraduates, villagers, and visitors from nearby towns gave it a holiday aspect. Caps and gowns disappeared quickly, and those who a moment before had been seriously considering the future of Dartmouth mingled with the throng on the Green.

Still, not all the Campus was alive with color and motion, not quite yet, for the walk extending from the White Church diagonally across it was roped off. And here appeared, soon, certain persons and personages who recalled the past.

Came the Aborigines, the objects of Eleazar Wheelock's deep concern, they whose "ferocity he subdued by the Gospel" if memory serves correctly. Then came Wheelock himself, accompanied by Sylvanus Ripley and Dr. John Crane, his companions of the famous ox-cart journey. And Madam Wheelock was there, attended by students and her personal slaves, and manifesting housewifely regard for the celebrated barrel of New England rum, or, at least, the barrel. Of course, Governor Wentworth came, accompanied by "gentlemen from Portsmouth" as he came long ago, on horseback, from Portsmouth, to attend the exercises of the first commencement in 1771. And there was John Ledyard, after his long wanderings, beginning with his departure from Hanover in a dugout canoe, and extending around the world. There he was in a sulky reminiscent of the one which brought him up from Hartford in 1772.

Almost a half century passed, and then came Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, sitting together in the chaise that was once Webster's and now is the property of the College.

It was all neatly done, this pageant of Dartmouth's past — the impersonations being by the members of the Dartmouth Dramatic Association.

But all has not been told. There was a birthday cake, adorned with candles, telling the story of the progress of the Tucker Foundation and the gifts of the alumni in the last year, listed by classes.

And in the end, there was an episode portraying "Dartmouth, Patriotic Dartmouth," in the Revolution, the Civil War and the World War.

All this passed swiftly, and then a distinctly carnival touch was given to the celebration by the appearance of thousands of colored balloons. Much as a magician produces a rose bush in bloom from nowhere, apparently, the crowd broke out in floating color. Little cards bearing the greetings of Dartmouth to the outside world were attached to the balloon strings, and up they went, sailing slowly away to the north — those which didn't lodge in the trees.

But there was that besides pageantry and balloons which made the Campus an attractive meeting place on Monday. Long tables were spread in the open air and in the tent, which had remained standing, and there the delegates, guests, members of the college community, alumni, and the student body had luncheon together, a substantial New England luncheon.

This was the period of general jollification, a downright good time, out of doors, on one of the most perfect days of the autumn.

At its height, the hum of a motor was heard high in the air and the crowd was gripped by the sight of an airplane circling above the Campus. This was a surprise for most. The plane remained in the air a long time, then descended in the field east of the Oval, and was there for an inspection for awhile in the afternoon.

The Educational Conferences

Meanwhile groups of faculty members, representatives of the colleges, and others assembled for educational conferences. All were well attended and the papers presented aroused keen discussion.

The Anniversary Dinner

The anniversary celebration ended with a dinner in College Hall, and while the great company began to disperse soon after the Webster Hall exercises, this was not noticeable at the closing event, so large and representative was the gathering.

In closing this narrative of the celebration, a word is fitting regarding the arrangements. It may have been that there was at some point a forgotten, neglected, or baffling thing. If so, only those of the inner administrative circles could have known of it. To others all that appeared was perfect organization, large scale preparation and careful, skilful attention to the smallest detail. From beginning to end, from the ordering of a great gathering to hospitable attention to the needs or wishes of guests, the celebration "went off" as if it were all a part of the day's work.

Dartmouth College Portraits

Edward Tuck of the Class of 1862

Founder of the AMOS TUCK SCHOOL of ADMINISTRATION and FINANCE
Counselor and Benefactor of DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

THE EXERCISES OF DARTMOUTH NIGHT

Dartmouth Night

Remarks by the President

The exercises of Dartmouth Night were held in a tent, erected on the College Green, beginning at 8.15 o'clock p.m.

President HOPKINS presided, and the Trustees, the Council of the Alumni, the Faculty and other Officers of the College occupied the platform.

President HOPKINS called the meeting to order and after the assembly had joined, under leadership of the Glee Club, in singing a medley of Dartmouth songs, he spoke.

PRESIDENT HOPKINS. I remarked today, as I was walking through the tent with Dean Laycock and Mr. Clark, that I felt that all Dartmouth men tonight would be "intent" upon a good time. [*And in response to much laughter*] You got it very much quicker than they did!

I want, in accordance with custom, and with very great pleasure, to read three or four messages which have been received, out of a great many. I shall first read a message from one to whom Dartmouth owes more than she does to almost any other man, Edward Tuck. He cables as follows:

PARIS, October 15, 1919.

President HOPKINS, Hanover, N. H.

My hearty congratulations to the Trustees, to Doctor Tucker, to yourself and to the Faculty that Dartmouth celebrates its hundred and fiftieth birthday at the zenith of its fame and success, with its future never before so full of promise. Although unable to be with you on this occasion, I share with you all in the pride and happiness which these conditions inspire.

EDWARD TUCK.

I have also a hearty telegram of congratulation from the Ohio alumni, an alumni body which has been responsible for sending us the best delegation ever, and that is going some!

Then telegrams, too, from alumni in Connecticut, from Pittsburg, from Omaha, from Atlanta, and from Dartmouth Clubs scattered over the entire country. There are too many to read here and now, but they all carry the same message of loyalty and good cheer.

I have not yet referred the matter to Professor Foster and the other members of the Department of History, as a matter for historical research and reflection, but it is an interesting thing that Squire Duncan in his account of the one-hundredth celebration gives the size of the great tent put upon the Campus at that time, and then states that it was capable of accommodating ten thousand people, although we have at the present time a tent twenty-five per cent larger, and can get but three thousand in it! I am constrained to think, however, that this must have something to do with the relative size of present day Dartmouth men and those of fifty years ago.

However, we gather here in an auditorium that, for gatherings of this sort, is strictly in accordance with tradition. The only portion of the tradition of the one hundredth anniversary that we expect and hope to depart from is the heavy down-

Dartmouth Night

Remarks by the President

pour of the early time, which compelled the audience to take refuge under the platform.

There is a certain significance in connection with the celebration today. General Joab N. Patterson, whom we are pleased to have with us here tonight, was a member of the Class of '60 and Marshal of the occasion in 1869.

I wish to comment, too, on the fact that Morrill Gallagher is acting as Alumni Marshal for the occasion. There is a particular bit of sentiment in connection with that because of the recent death of his father, Charles T. Gallagher, who had looked forward with anticipation to this occasion, who would surely have been here if able, and who was so large a factor in various celebrations we have had during the last two decades. I am certain, could Mr. Gallagher be alive tonight, nothing would give greater pleasure to him than to stand where I am standing and to look into the faces of this group. It is particularly pleasing to us, however, to have Morrill Gallagher, of the Class of '07, with us at this time.

The *Massachusetts Magazine* for February, 1793, after the College had been established and running for twenty-four years, carried a page of illustrations in regard to the College, with this explanatory note which I want to read at this time, because I think the prophecy is in process of fulfillment. It goes on and tells the advantages of Hanover, which it says is "somewhat isolated from the congested community." And it also says that it has a particularly strong Faculty, a particularly popular student body, and quotes the fact that for two or three years the average student number of Dartmouth has been one hundred and sixty, "the equal of any college in the country," and ending, "It will continue to flourish and in time may become important."

If there is now in the College the same potentiality with our present seventeen hundred undergraduates that there was in that small number in the past, certainly we need have no fear for the future.

We have long awaited the time when it should be possible for us to meet as we are meeting tonight, and I am reminded of a story Dr. Tucker used to tell on occasions of this sort. The mayor of a small city was taken sick, and the political organ of his party in the city was reporting his condition and progress. Notices were placed out upon the bulletin board. At one o'clock the notice read, "The Mayor is seriously ill." At four o'clock it read, "The Mayor cannot recover." At six o'clock it said, "The Mayor has passed away and gone to Heaven." A cynical bystander a little later walked up to the board and wrote, "Seven o'clock. Great excitement in Heaven. The Mayor has not arrived."

Now, we have been waiting a long time for the one hundred and fiftieth celebration, and we have also been waiting what seems a very long time for the troubled conditions of the last few years to pass and for the College to come back. You know Tom Reed used to say that it was not that a married man lived longer than anybody else, but that it seemed longer, and it does seem a long time since we had a normal college year.

Dartmouth Night

Remarks by the President

So this occasion is meant primarily not only for the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Dartmouth College, but for the full adoption into the Dartmouth constituency and fellowship of the six hundred and seventy odd men who have come to us in the freshman class, and the nearly eleven hundred who have come to us in the upper classes. We welcome them tonight to all that Dartmouth stands for, placing on them the responsibility of caring for the interests and the reputation of Dartmouth as they must be cared for by any solicitous and loyal Dartmouth man.

In making up the program of the occasion there was a discussion as to what its nature should be. There were a good many things worthy of celebration that could be celebrated. There was the fact that the Dartmouth College Case, under the guidance of the great Daniel Webster, was favorably settled for the College one hundred years ago. There was the opportunity to celebrate the fact that Rufus Choate graduated one hundred years ago. And there was the fact of overwhelming importance that the College was founded one hundred and fifty years ago.

We have undertaken, therefore, under these conditions, to start the ceremonies in a perfectly normal and rational way by the usual observance of Dartmouth Night. Dartmouth Night is something none of us would willingly pass by, even on the occasion of a great celebration.

President Wilson speaks of a small town where he once spent a summer vacation, and where his curiosity was piqued by the fact that there were so few children. So one day when an old farmer was passing he asked, "How often are children born here?" The old farmer looked at him and replied, "Only once." A college course comes only once to a man, and it is needful that none of the things of finest sentiment and deepest significance should be omitted. And so it is that we gather here, with the Dartmouth spirit permeating the whole occasion, alumni and undergraduates uniting in the fellowship of Dartmouth in these and the proceedings that are to follow, culminating Monday in the formal exercises.

We have a group of speakers here tonight who need no introduction, men who will tell you something about Dartmouth, what it has meant to them or to others, or what they conceive the purpose of Dartmouth to be. I am going to introduce to you as the first speaker one who has served two terms in Congress, who then did the entirely unusual thing of leaving Washington willingly; one who has served in any capacity where he could be helpful to his fellowmen; a lawyer of distinction, a Dartmouth man of intense loyalty; and one who at the present time is giving what seems to some of us the most altruistic service a man can give, in trying to guide the destinies of the Boston Elevated Railroad as a Trustee.

I take great pleasure in introducing, from a Class that has been one of great distinction, in which Justices of the Supreme Court, Governors, and men of fame and importance are so frequent that you do not even spot them, Honorable Samuel L. Powers, of Boston, of the Class of '74.

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial

The Pageant

John Ledyard

The Aborigines

Eleazar Wheelock

A Happy Indian

Lord Dartmouth and His Retainers

The Indispensable Ox Team

The Dartmouth Birthday Cake

ADDRESS BY THE HONORABLE SAMUEL L. POWERS

Dartmouth Night

Address by Mr. Powers

MR. POWERS. Mr. President, I have made it a practice during my life to visit the old College once every fifty years. I was here fifty years ago, when the College was celebrating its centennial. I do not now recall that I was here fifty years prior to that, — I think I did not have any invitation. I always come when I have an invitation.

Fifty years ago the College celebrated its centennial. It had a tent located about where this tent is, and the presiding genius of that celebration was a graduate of Dartmouth, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. On his right sat the principal guest of the occasion, General Sherman, who had just led his army from the mountains to the sea in the victory that closed the Civil War.

Everything went well at that celebration until a distinguished alumnus undertook to read a poem, and then the heavens broke loose, the floods came and the winds blew, and I saw General Sherman, I suppose for the first time in his life, beat a hasty retreat, under the grand stand! I hope, Mr. President, that you are not going to have anybody read a poem tonight!

As I come back here now, at the end of fifty years, I feel like an old Rip Van Winkle waking from a sleep not of twenty years but of half a century.

I want to thank you, Mr. President, for the generous invitation to take part in these proceedings. I am told that the most distinguished honor that can come to a Dartmouth man is to be invited to take part in the Dartmouth Night celebration, that it transcends any degree that the College can confer upon him. And so I want to say to the men in the Class of 1923 that the men who have been selected to talk to you are, in the opinion of the President, the four best men living today among the alumni.

Let me say to you, however, President Hopkins, that your invitation was not the first that I received to attend this celebration. Several years ago I received a letter from Judge David Cross, of the Class of '41, of sacred memory, inviting me to dine with him tonight and attend the Dartmouth Night celebration. He said it would be an occasion of great importance, that it would be the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the College, the centennial of the graduation of Rufus Choate of the Class of 1819 and, what was more, it would be a time when he would have reached his centennial and be past one hundred years of age. I have been thinking, if the Judge could only have lived to see the fruition of his expectations and could have been here tonight, what a reception we would have given him!

Well, the College has changed in fifty years. There has been a tremendous change. I entered Dartmouth forty-nine years ago, and tomorrow night my class celebrates its forty-fifth anniversary. It was a good college in those days, but it was not a large college. The undergraduate department forty-nine years ago was about the size of the senior class at the present time and about one-half the size of

Dartmouth Night

Address by Mr. Powers

the freshman class. Nevertheless, the old Dartmouth spirit existed here half a century ago. Since then it has broadened out and intensified, with the growth of the College.

Half a century ago Dartmouth was strictly a New England college. We may say it was a northern New England college, with nearly eighty per cent of its students coming from New Hampshire and Vermont. Today you have become a great cosmopolitan college, more cosmopolitan than any other college in America. Today you draw more than one-half of your students from outside of New England. The State of Massachusetts, which years ago sent but a few men here, sends now nearly five hundred. In the old days, when a man came from outside New England we looked upon him with more or less suspicion. We suspected that he had committed a crime and had come here for the purpose of preventing detection.

Today, New York sends to us nearly three hundred men; Connecticut, which but a short time ago sent only a few men, now sends more than one hundred; and New Jersey, down in the land of Princeton, sends to us nearly one hundred men. When you go farther west, you find those great states in the Middle West, like Illinois and Ohio, each sending nearly one hundred men; and today in the freshman class three hundred men come from the six New England states and three hundred and sixty-seven from outside of New England.

That gives you some idea of the growth, the marvelous growth of the College. You will see nothing like it anywhere else. And yet, when I go back to the early seventies, which was the time of my class, I am bound to say that it was a good college then, — though a small college, a good college. We did not have at that time a large police department in Hanover. The President of the College performed the duties of Chief of Police, and he performed them well, and the faculty at that time was his secret service organization.

During my day, no man who was guilty of misconduct ever failed of detection, and we had punishments which to my mind came pretty near being unusual, or what we would call cruel. In those days boys were not sent home because they failed in their studies, as now. They were not sent home for misconduct. When you once got into Dartmouth you could not get out for four years. You had to stay. The faculty had a pride in feeling that no boy could be sent here whom they could not reform and educate, and that is what they did.

I want to tell the students the kind of punishment we used to have to submit to. When a boy went wrong no one wrote home to his parents to say that Willie was not doing well. They got no word concerning him, but the boy was sentenced to live in some country clergyman's family from three to six weeks, with no person with whom he could communicate except the clergyman himself. And when that boy had served that sentence he never was known to commit another offence!

I am going to suggest to you, President Hopkins, that you try that method, starting with the six hundred and sixty-seven freshmen. You can save every one of them by that method, and four years from now you can graduate the same number.

Dartmouth Night

Address by Mr. Powers

The beauty of the method is that when the boy finds out that he cannot get away, finds out that he has to be reformed and has to be educated, after a short time he meekly submits and comes out of it all right. And so it was in those days that a class graduated practically the same number of men that it entered.

I want to bear my tribute tonight to the faculty of the early seventies. It was a small faculty, possibly five or six or eight men, but they did loyal and efficient work. I remember that my class had three tutors — tutor Lord, tutor Emerson, and tutor Chase — all three living today and enjoying the best of health. That indicates how well the Class of '74 treated their tutors!

But I suppose tonight is a night in which we do honor to this splendid freshman class. I don't know exactly where the freshman class is located tonight. Someone said that the gentlemen standing in the back of the tent were the freshman class. If this is their night, why aren't they sitting in the front seats? I want to say just one word to the freshmen, and I come now to the real address of the evening. Gentlemen of the Class of 1823 — I should say, the Class of 1923! I have been about one hundred years behind the times all my life! This is your night. You are at the head of the column tonight. You carry the banners, and back of you march in the column more than one hundred and fifty classes of Dartmouth College. Many of them are marching not in the flesh but in the spirit. They all come here tonight to do you honor, to welcome you to what is called "the Dartmouth spirit."

And what is that Dartmouth spirit? It is a spirit of helpfulness, a spirit of loyalty to the College. I congratulate you, gentlemen, that you are entering upon your education, or have, as Mr. Choate said, come to this banquet of knowledge, at a time which is the greatest time in the history of the world. When you complete your education four years from now and go out into the world, you will go out at a time of the greatest interest to mankind throughout the world. You will be called upon to take part in the settlement of great problems, political and industrial, and I congratulate you that you are to have the benefit of a training here which will make you effective in dealing with those problems.

More than that, the next four years of your life are to be the happiest years of your life. Twenty years from now you will say that they were your happiest years.

They will be the years in which you will make lasting friendships. Someone has said that men never make friends after they are forty years of age, that they make acquaintances but not friends. You will make here in those four years more real, true friends than you will make in the balance of your lives; and, what is more, the friends you will make here will become a little dearer as time goes on. You will feel a little closer to them as the years pass by. And when you come back here forty-five years from now, as I come back, you will feel that every classmate is your brother, not only your friend, but your brother.

More than that, as time goes on, as the shadows begin to lengthen, your mind will come back to these four years, and all its incidents, even the incidents of this evening, will return to you with great vividness. You will desire, as the years pass

Dartmouth Night

Address by Mr. Powers

by, even though in active life, to return to the old College. You will steal away, come back in order that you may be in touch with the spirit of the place.

And as time goes on, and you become older, you will feel very much as did old Colonel Newcome, so beautifully portrayed by Thackeray, when, after fifty years of military service in India, broken in health and fortune, he returned to London to spend his remaining days, and took lodgings near the old Grey Friars School, where fifty years before he had been a schoolboy. And when someone asked him why he selected this particular place he said that he desired to put himself once more in touch with the young life as he had known it when a boy. Thus from the windows of his lodgings he watched the boys at their sports, and the boys came to know the old man, and visited him, and told him about the games and the life of the school, while he lived over once more his schoolboy days, in touch with the spirit of the school as he had known it when a boy. So in the years to come you will re-visit these scenes in order that you may put yourself in touch with your schoolboy life, and will bring back to memory the happy days of your four years' life in Hanover.

One thing I desire to impress upon you, and that is, never forget the old College; stand by it to the end, and you will find that in the years to come your proudest boast will be that you are a Dartmouth man!

The Glee Club now sang "Eleazar Wheelock."

President HOPKINS. It is a difficult thing to define the Dartmouth spirit, and sometimes I think it must be more completely absorbed and grasped by instinct than learned and known by reason. One of the most difficult things in picking our speakers for Dartmouth Night is to pick men who are capable of explaining the Dartmouth spirit in terms that are not so mystical that they lose their force, or that, on the other hand, do not simply decline into empty generalities.

You know the story of the old lady who came home from church and said she understood the text all right, but could not understand what the preacher meant by his exposition. There is always that danger in talking about anything that lies as close to the heart as does the emotion we call college spirit. And yet, after all, it is best learned through the exemplification of what it does in the lives of men who have lived in Dartmouth and who are going out and doing the service of the world.

In introducing the next speaker, I come to the representative of another distinguished class, a class in which governors, congressmen, and all that sort of political baggage are very frequent. We have asked to come here tonight and speak to us the president of one of New England's great public utilities, a man who was distinguished as an athlete, and yet as a scholar; a man who is one of the best of fellows and one of the best of Dartmouth men. I take very great pleasure in introducing Matt B. Jones of the Class of '94.

ADDRESS BY MATT B. JONES, ESQ.

Dartmouth Night

Address by Mr. Jones

MR. JONES. Mr. President and members of the Class of 1923, to whom alone I want to speak this evening: A dozen or more years ago my old roommate and I came back for a visit to the College in term time, and as we wandered from classroom to classroom we came at length to one devoted to freshman mathematics. We found there the beloved professor of our own freshman days, and after a hearty hand clasp we were shown to seats in the rear of the room.

As is usually the case, curiosity overcame some members of the class, and the professor, who was engaged in a demonstration at the blackboard, finding himself somewhat handicapped by our presence, remarked to the class, "Attention this way, young men! Our visitors are only a couple of former students who flunked this course in their freshman year, and have come back to make it up!"

Like Mr. Powers, this is not my first appearance at a Dartmouth Night. It was my very great privilege to speak at the first one instituted by Dr. Tucker in the fall of 1895, and, as I have considered President Hopkins' invitation to be present this evening, and particularly the language in which it was couched, I have come to the conclusion that I flunked that event also, and am being given an opportunity to make it up.

I am under this disadvantage, that I cannot at all remember what I said then, but I am quite certain that I now have a more complete understanding of the real significance of Dartmouth Night than I did as an alumnus of one year's standing, and, if it were not for the august board of examiners on the platform, I should be glad of the opportunity afforded me by this second trial.

I can no more resist the opportunity to make one or two brief comparisons than could Mr. Powers, although he speaks from still darker ages than I.

The present freshman class has about two hundred and fifty more members than there were in the entire college that first Dartmouth Night. There are about five times as many of you as there were in the then freshman class. There are about six times as many of you as there were in my class when it entered in the fall of '90.

As I have had an opportunity to look you over a little this afternoon around the village, it is very apparent to me that you are better dressed, that you carry yourselves with more assurance, and that you are a very much more sophisticated body of young men than were the freshmen of the early nineties. On the whole, I think you look as wise as my class did when it graduated, and very likely you are.

But it is clearly my duty to warn you that a very little experimentation, which you are certain to indulge in, if you have not already done so, will convince you that your present faculty is a very wise body of gentlemen, and you will not be able to put anything over on them any more easily than we could on our faculty. Furthermore, I think it is possible that some of the gray heads and bald heads scattered

Dartmouth Night Address by Mr. Jones

through this audience, whom you will be up against four years from now, may have picked up a little knowledge as they go along, and may be wiser than they look.

If that is so, you are not starting out under any more auspicious circumstances than we did, and have quite as much need of Dartmouth College as we had.

What, then, is it that Dartmouth College means? A great Scotchman once said:

> "Not what I have, but what I do, is my Kingdom. To each is given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward Environment of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of Capability. But the hardest problem were ever this: To find by study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward Capability specially is. For, alas, your young soul is all budding with Capabilities, and we see not yet which is the main and true one. Always, too, the new man is in a new time, under new conditions; his course can be the facsimile of no prior one, but is by its nature original."

Perhaps that sounds a bit pessimistic, but I think that is only the Scotch of it, and it has a real thought for us this evening.

To be sure, every man's life, the determination of his capability, the attainment of his kingdom, is an original, but that is a challenge to be joyfully accepted. A facsimile would not be worth the living; it is only the original that counts. Probably all of us have solved some of the originals of geometry, and we know that their solution depends upon the accurate logical application of a very few fundamental laws. I apprehend that the original of life is not materially different in that respect.

You boys are going to have a mighty fine time here at Hanover for the next four years. You are going to win the prizes of athletics and of scholarship, and, as Mr. Powers has said, you are going to make the sweetest and most enduring friendships that you will ever know. But these are the minors, not the majors, of your college course.

You have come here as did the men who have filled Dartmouth's halls before you, to learn something of the underlying principles of a truly successful life and the method of their application to your own personal original.

Be sure of this: Those fundamentals have not changed since history began. And, what is more, they are not going to change, nor will they differ whether your lives be cast in broad or narrow lines, whether they be compassed by few or many years.

I sometimes think that Dartmouth College may be likened to a great factory, and you young men are the raw material on which it operates. The output is not education. If any one tells you it is, he is mistaken. The finished product is men, men graced with the knowledge of books, if possible, — and, if possible, so much the better; but, first of all, men trained to live cleanly and to think straight, men whose kingdom shall be not what they have, but what they do, and who will perform a service for the world to the utmost of their capability, whether great or small.

Dartmouth Night

Address by Mr. Jones

That is the finished work of Dartmouth College. Upon that work for one hundred and fifty classes of Dartmouth men, and upon their work for the world during that century and a half, rests the fair name of your college, of our college. But Dartmouth College can no more live upon its past than can a family, and upon your attainments in the years to come will rest its future reputation.

Nor is that all. You have entered the great family of Dartmouth men. We have all sat at the feet of the old Mother. We have common ideals. Each of us is engaged in solving his original of life; each of us gains inspiration from the others. In you and in your successes we expect to find it, also.

That is why we want you men of 1923 to begin at the threshold of your course to live to the full the wonderful life that men live here, and to know and keep the traditions of this ancient College.

President HOPKINS. There is an old Dartmouth story that comes down from the times when things were different, that a man was summoned before the President of the College and asked if he could give any extenuating circumstances that would excuse him for studying on the Sabbath Day. That was before we were glad to have a man study on any day! The man said that he could give an extenuating circumstance and justify himself. He said it was in Holy Writ that it was a proper thing to endeavor to help your neighbor's ass out of the pit on the Sabbath Day, and that it seemed to him an immensely more worthy thing for the ass to help himself out of a hole!

Underneath that story there lies the fundamental fact that there is nothing in the Dartmouth training, I believe, which is more advantageous than a certain independence, a certain self-reliance, a certain understanding in the man that if he is not going to look out for himself, is not going to render his own service in the world, nobody else is going to render it for him. And I like to think that the Dartmouth spirit, among other things, leads men not only to save themselves from being dependents upon society, but likewise to help others to the same end.

I remember a few years ago, in looking over a class report, seeing a letter which impressed me very much in its closing sentence, something to this effect: "I have no envy of the man to whom success has come in greater measure than to me, and I have a heavy heart for those upon whom great burdens have fallen." I think that is a sentiment worthy of all Dartmouth men, and it is a sentiment typical of the next man who is going to speak to us — Dave Maloney of the Class of 1897.

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial

The Pageant

Madam Wheelock Arrives

Governor Wentworth

Whitaker, Dartmouth and Occum

A Gathering of Well-known Dartmouth Characters

ADDRESS BY DAVID J. MALONEY, ESQ.

Dartmouth Night Address by Mr. Maloney

MR. MALONEY. Mr. President, Dartmouth friends, ladies and gentlemen, when I accepted the invitation to speak here tonight I assumed that I was going to talk to a few Dartmouth boys, and not to all the people in New England, and my first fear was that I could not be heard. But I am now quite satisfied that I shall be heard. I am going to deliver the third best speech of the evening.

A great honor comes to me as a graduate of this institution to be privileged to stand before you tonight, as a graduate of the College in 1897, and to tell you something of Dartmouth and the Dartmouth Spirit. It will be necessary for me to reminisce a little, and while they say that when one reminisces he seldom tells the truth, I shall try to keep as close to the truth as the occasion warrants.

Can you picture a poor country boy working at the loom, counting the hours and days of wearisome toil, — a mill hand, the saddest word in the language of New England! That boy's father said to him on a beautiful September afternoon, as he stopped at his machine, "Do you want to go to Dartmouth College?" In the throat of that boy rose a lump as big as his fist, and, though he realized that it meant the breaking of home ties, he said, "Yes, I do."

Within the hour he was on his way to a neighboring city, not to renew but to replenish his scanty wardrobe. He bought a trunk that he thought never could be filled with one person's clothing. The tray alone would have been sufficient to carry his other shirt. For that boy in 1893 was in much the same position as the colored man whose wife complained because, as she said, one of his friends was wearing his socks. He replied, "That isn't so, because I wear them myself all the time." And so this poor country boy felt that he did not even need a trunk.

That boy made an early morning start the next day for Hanover. As he rode over the familiar hills, beautiful in the autumn grandeur, he felt an ownership in something. It was his first journey in the world of men. He was a boy no longer.

Dartmouth College was not so well known in 1893. In fact, when the boy at Springfield, Massachusetts, stepped into the ticket office and said, "I want a ticket for Hanover, New Hampshire," and the answer came that it was not on the railroad, he was confused. You see, the boy did not know much about Dartmouth College, but he was compensated a little afterwards when he found that the College knew very little about him or the place whence he came.

It was a meeting of two unknown quantities. But it was not long before Dartmouth College, that powerful institution, and the unknown country boy, so unequal, became merged into something that the boy afterwards found was the Dartmouth Spirit.

You will hear much said of the different eras of the College, — the humble beginnings under Eleazar Wheelock; the internal strife, and Daniel Webster; the reconstruction under Dr. Tucker, and the present world effort under Dr. Hopkins. But, my friends, the era I know most about is the era of the green sweater and open plumbing, and the latter perhaps for many reasons was a distinctive era.

Dartmouth Night Address by Mr. Maloney

My first bath in a bath tub was in this college, in 1894. Note, I said my first bath in *a bath tub!* Of course, we had the old swimming hole in my town, and a bucket or two.

Dartmouth Spirit! Can you ever forget it? When the boy arrived at the Norwich station and mounted the old fashioned coach, he gazed at the rugged beauty of the hills, a fitting background to the peace and quiet of the fair Connecticut. And then there was the hollow sound of pattering feet and he was passing through the old covered bridge. Such an historic monument and such an intimate and historic odor, to one from the country, this remnant of past generations, resplendent with its memories of the passing of many men whose lives had made the nation richer and greater! Its many worded signs were suggestive of what to wash with, what to wear, and what to use to stimulate a torpid liver, and yet the crossing of that bridge marked the crisis of that boy's life.

It was youth with all its sentiment and devotion crusading to find and cherish with the homely instincts of the country boy the faith and simplicity of true manhood. Secure in the past of an honored home and loved ones, entering into the undiscovered fastnesses of hope and imagination, in the crossing of the bridge that boy stepped forth into the boundless future of joy, sorrow and temptation.

What would the crossing avail him? That was the anxious question, as, with faltering step, armed with honesty of purpose and "with hope high, and fear restraining," he sought that which comes to all men when in the true spirit they for the first time cross the bridge.

The next introduction to the Dartmouth Spirit was when the boy wended his way to the Administration Building and met that splendid man, Dr. Tucker, who said to him:

"Let's see if we can accomplish a great deal this year. I want you to go home and bring comfort to your parents for their sacrifice in sending you to me. You will do your share, won't you?"

That was the Dartmouth Spirit — co-operation — and the boy felt that he had entered into a solemn contract never to do anything that would bring pain or disappointment to that kindly man. He kept that contract, except that at one of the chapel services there was a personal reference to him as the President told of a boy who, Aladdin-like, was seen in the act of taking one of the oil lamps from the corridor of Wentworth Hall. On one other occasion, when he was dragging on the frame of an old wagon the lumber of the College to replenish the bonfire on the Campus, he came face to face with that kindly man. But the boy was soon convinced that college lumber still belonged to the College and ought to be returned.

The boy gradually began to study the meaning of the Dartmouth Spirit and where it got its great appeal to boys of the whole nation. The Dartmouth Spirit is an evolution. When Eleazar Wheelock founded his Indian school in Connecticut and later wended his way over the northern trail to the wooded areas of New

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Hampshire, then a wilderness, he little knew the inspiration he would bring to future generations.

What prompted this good man to lay aside comfort, convenience, peace and quiet to do this noble thing? My friends, he laid the foundation of the true Dartmouth Spirit. For it was not adventure which brought him here, as even the easiest journey in those days was adventurous. It was the keystone of the Dartmouth Spirit, — Service, Service to mankind, — and he brought that service where it was needed.

No great effort that reached accomplishment, no great progress, whether social, political or religious, has ever thrilled the world unless there was coupled with this basic principle Service, Sacrifice. And so, my young friends, we have the Dartmouth Spirit builded upon two beautiful principles, Service and Sacrifice.

This great institution antedates the Constitution of the United States, and in the foothills of this Commonwealth was established Dartmouth College to demonstrate to the world in its true sense a social Democracy. Here you will find from the earliest days equal opportunity to every man, no matter what his race or creed, who seeks the opportunity to serve, and the College demands of him only an equality and earnestness of effort.

The Dartmouth Spirit is friendliness and kindliness. It is thinking of the other fellow. What has been the watchword of America in the recent world struggle? It has been Service, and the nation is grateful for the opportunity to have shown the world that great accomplishment is always possible when we accept as the watchword of progress, "Let's Do Something Together!"

That was the watchword of the world. It has always been the Dartmouth motto, — "Let's Do Something Together." That is the Dartmouth Spirit.

Life at best is an uphill journey. The higher up you go the less dust you will find, fewer men, and a clearer atmosphere, but when you get near the top the Dartmouth Spirit says, "Look back and help some other fellow, even if you have to drag him up a little."

I heard Sir Baden Powell, the head of the English Boy Scouts, tell a story that spoke eloquently of the Dartmouth Spirit. The younger boys at a meeting were discussing what they should do with a rotter in their ranks. One boy said that a rotter was just like a rotten apple, and that when his father found one in a barrel he took it out and destroyed it because if he left it there it would contaminate the others. Another boy almost screamed his answer: "That isn't the way my father does. He deals in horses, and when he finds a bad horse he doesn't kill it. He just makes it travel with a good horse until it becomes a good one."

If your brother lags a little, don't condemn him. Make him measure up by "Doing Something Together." That is the Dartmouth Spirit.

It offers a wealth of health in God's open country in surroundings of purity and faith. It teaches and demands good thinking, and as a result the College sends into the world men of high purpose, eager and willing to assume the burdens of

Dartmouth Night Address by Mr. Maloney

citizenship, to do the world's work faithfully, pleasantly, to minimize the pain and to keep the way clear for future progress.

I think it was Pasteur who said, "A Democracy is that form of government which guarantees to the individual freedom" — most of us would stop there, but he goes on — "to do his best for the public service."

Boys, that's what you're here for, to serve, and when you go out into the world, if you have served here you will serve there. But if you can't qualify, it would be better had you never been born. The world won't need you, for the world doesn't want anything it doesn't need.

The poppied fields of France lovingly whisper the names of Dartmouth's sons who served humanity. The laws of the Nation teem with the wisdom of her sons. The literature of the world shines more brightly because of her teachings. All forms of activity, religious, social and industrial, thrill with her good thinking and zealous effort.

You are beginning the greatest era in the world's history. Never before has there been such a demand that the future citizenship of the country shall be strong of body, clean of mind, good thinkers, loyal to principles, and with a capacity and desire to serve.

My friends, I have come to the end of my part in your well-wishing. Learn to serve! Learn to be good thinkers! Keep health and a clean mind, — and you will have the Dartmouth Spirit, and as you go forth into the world you will accept the duties of citizenship.

President Tucker once said, "Keep yourselves unspotted from the world, but let the world feel your power." That means that you must embrace good citizenship by practicing the doing of those things which good citizens do, and if you can stand before the world and say, "I am an American citizen," and measure up to it, you've got the Dartmouth Spirit, and the traditions and the future of the College will be secure.

President HOPKINS. In just a moment I am going to ask the College to rise and sing with the Glee Club the first and third stanzas of "Men of Dartmouth." But before I do that I want to ask the cheer leader to call for a cheer for the man to whom we are more indebted than to any other single man or single force for Dartmouth College as it exists today, for the stamina and attractiveness it holds; a man who lies too ill tonight to even have the procession pass in front of his house or to even have the house reached by telephone. But some day we want to tell him what a cheer was given him on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Let us give three cheers for Dr. Tucker! [*Great applause, followed by tremendous cheering, all present rising.*]

The last speaker of the evening is one for whom no introduction is needed in the case of many of you — a man known to the alumni, known to many of the undergraduates, and intimately known as a past member of the faculty.

The spirit of Dartmouth leads to pioneer work, and it is perhaps well that we

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should have in the midst of the pioneer work that is being done in the country one who is making so distinct and valuable a contribution to the development of a new institution of learning, in connection with which reciprocity is evident in that this college is in Connecticut and received its president from New Hampshire and Dartmouth.

The witty President of Allegheny College a few years ago was about to take the ship to go abroad on a religious mission, when he was approached by one of his friends, who said to him, "If you find any new religion in Europe and endeavor to bring it back, you will have to be on the lookout for the customs." Whereupon he replied that any religion he could import into the United States would have no duties attached!

But, seriously, in introducing President Marshall of the Connecticut College for Women, I am introducing not only a preacher, a teacher, a college president, who is looking for no easy berth without duty, but one who comes to us with a full knowledge of all that the Dartmouth Spirit means, with a record as a fine athlete, a man of scholastic ability, and a man who is a friend of Dartmouth, your friend and my friend, — Benjamin T. Marshall. Ben Marshall!

ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT BENJAMIN TINKHAM MARSHALL, D. D.

PRESIDENT MARSHALL. Mr. President, members of the Class of '23, my own college alumni friends on the platform, ladies — who, perhaps, ought to have been mentioned first, and are first in our thought and appreciation — it is not exactly an easy thing to follow these splendid men who incarnate and demonstrate in their persons and in their careers the best things of Dartmouth. But it is a privilege of which I am both happy and proud, that I am asked with Mr. Jones for a second time to appear in a Dartmouth Night celebration; to recall with him that first Dartmouth Night in the Old Chapel of the old Dartmouth Hall; to recall, too, that it was he who inducted me into some of the mysteries of football in those days — the good old forty-five minutes of plug, tear and scrap, with ten minutes' rest, and then another forty-five minutes of the same thing, very different from the active, pretty game of today!

It is a great joy to come back to the College on this occasion and have a share in this tremendously significant anniversary, bringing my word of appreciation that is all inadequate for all that these men before you and many others have meant to me; as a Dartmouth man bringing the testimony of a loyal heart that has never forgotten four tremendously precious and significant years under that great spirit in whose name and for whose sake we have just opened our hearts and our lips.

It is with no small satisfaction that I share with Dave Maloney the proud distinction of being a member of the Class of '97, the largest class that ever entered Dartmouth College up to that time, one hundred and twenty strong. But, if you please, apart from numbers, as we said on a little medallion we wore at a reunion

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial

The Pageant

The Arrival of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate

Eleazar Wheelock Reaches Hanover

The Pageant Forming

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a few years ago with Dr. Tucker's head in the centre thereof, "we entered with *him*." As he took up the reins of office we also entered upon a college career which is unforgetable.

It has been my privilege to step upon the Campus of Dartmouth and to enter some of her buildings in some part of every calendar year since the fall of 1893, when I came here a very strange-feeling freshman. I want to bear witness that every visit and every experience in those twenty-six years has left its deposit with me, its new impetus in devotion, its new and heightened sense of the value of the College. I shall speak all inadequately of what the College is, but at the back of my thinking will be not only the experience of alumnus and undergraduate, but of five delightful, happy and in many ways unusual years in which it was my proud satisfaction to uphold the hands of the chief of the College at that time, the most brotherly, tender, delightful, noble and chivalrous soul imaginable, Ernest Fox Nichols — in the last years of his administration.

If there is anything upon which those of us who entered the College under Dr. Tucker can all agree, I am sure it is that, wherever we were born, we were somehow born again under him, and that anything we are and anything we give dates somehow back to something he said, something he did, some gleam of the old fire in his eye as he looked us squarely in the face, some thought we took out of chapel or other exercises, when, in his characteristic fashion, he handed out with the only gesture he ever used some pearl of great price, some nugget of pure gold, some thought imperishable and dynamic.

Brother Maloney has referred to the fact that two of the speakers are from Boston. While I do not come here from Boston tonight, I do have the satisfaction of saying that I was at least born there, and that I am here tonight in a position where I can utter just a word of the appreciation we all feel of what has been done for the College by the Boston alumni — by Mr. Powers, by Mr. Adams, by the late Charles T. Gallagher, and by other honorable alumni of the College, great souls who have made that group what it is today, whose great leadership and what they have said and done, both in my hearing as a mere lad and as a growing man, have helped to place Dartmouth in the high position which she holds in the esteem of the people of this great land.

I have really come here tonight to bring greetings, if I may, to the Class of 1923, and to try to write upon their hearts some new assurance that they are in the right place, that they have made the right choice in coming hither; that they are being inducted tonight into a fellowship than which, in nobility, quality, promise and opportunity there is none finer, — the Dartmouth Brotherhood!

I come to bring my greetings first in the form of a little anecdote which I recall Bishop Talbot, who has been referred to here tonight, once telling. He spoke of the time when he was the head of a little school in the state from which he came, I think Missouri. When he was busy one day about his tasks the colored janitor approached his desk and asked if he would be interested that night in coming to hear

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one of the great colored preachers. He thought over what he had to do that day and evening, and decided that he could go, and so he accepted the invitation.

He was shown to a very good seat and heard from the colored preacher a really splendid sermon. At the conclusion of the sermon who should be called upon to lead in prayer, if you please, but his colored janitor. I will not attempt to tell you all about the prayer, as there would not be time to do so before midnight; but he rambled all over the earth and finally came back to the town and the school, and in his effort to be classical he prayed that the good Lord would send down on the professor his "sanctum sanctorum!"

Bishop Talbot went home, and Mrs. Talbot asked him about the services. He described them and said, "You know, Sam was called upon to pray, and he offered a remarkable prayer. He remembered us and prayed for us, and used quite an unusual phrase, and I am going to find out what he meant." Mrs. Talbot endeavored to dissuade him, because she was quite sure that he would offend the good janitor. But the Bishop said "No, I think I can get it out of him all right." So the next morning he was at his desk and the janitor came shuffling around, attending to his duties, and he asked the Bishop if he liked the services. The Bishop said, "Yes, I liked them very much, and I was particularly impressed with your prayer. I remember that you used the phrase that the good Lord send down on us his 'sanctum sanctorum.' Do you mind telling me just what you had in mind when you used that phrase?"

"Well," replied the janitor, "I dunno that I kin 'zactly 'splain what I meant, you know, but I jest meant for to ask the good Lord to send down the best he had on hand!" And so I will say to the group of fellows who enter this College this fall, under the spell of the traditions and spirit of the institution, with its great past and with its promise of a great future, that I wish to them, and I think I can assure to them at the hands of the President, the faculty and the trustees, academically, ethically and humanly speaking, the best that the College can afford.

It is true that the speaker is engaged in a piece of pioneer work, and it has been no small task today to try to trace the steps of that pioneer who pulled up stakes in Lebanon, Connecticut — a place that on a clear day, with perhaps the exercise of a little imagination, I can see from my office — and found his way up here over the trail. And I realize that one may feel today in the work he is doing something of the spell and the spirit of that great pioneer; that he may, in his own way and in his place, in common with all good Dartmouth men who hold the traditions of the College here, hark back to those beginnings, small as they were but rich in promise and wonderful in prospect, and then go about his own task in full assurance and faith that success will crown his efforts.

I am glad that a member of my class has said to you, and said far better than I could say them, some of the things that were in my mind to say. I wanted to say that I considered that the Dartmouth spirit was compounded of manhood, brotherhood, sympathy and service. I dare again, if I may, strike those great notes, those

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great fundamental tones in the Dartmouth hymn of praise; for I profoundly believe that, either behind the desk in your class rooms, across the net, on the other side of a chalk line, or at your side as you tramp these hills, or on a mountain top, or, if you please, in the quiet of yonder house of worship, you will come face to face and shoulder to shoulder with real men here, whose thought, faith, honor and conscience shall so commend themselves to you that you will be proud to be able to look them in the face and count them your brothers, in a fine fellowship.

I know that every college claims a certain distinctive spirit. I think it is fine that there is that individuality and distinctive characteristic about the American colleges, men's and women's alike. If our spirit is a little bit difficult to define in all its refinements and all its great out-reachings, this at least is true, that it begins with honest manhood; and if there be any man of the entering class who has thought himself but a boy, I do not care if he is yet in his teens, I would like to take his hand and say, "My boy, you are a boy no longer, but a Dartmouth man from this night forward in that great fellowship, that great guild of manly souls."

Not only that, but I would remind him that he has entered into a kind of microcosm; that the college campus is a kind of small world, that all that is good, all that is great, all that is inspiring, all that is stimulating, is here. Alas! some things that cannot be so described are also here, but they are a foil to your natural goodness and they represent a chance for victory, represent something out of which you shall grow and which will challenge you to put forth your best.

Besides, a college of this size, with these traditions and this splendid honest democracy prevailing, is a wonderful school for brotherhood. Mr. Jones has referred to some of the minors in your college course. I wonder if he would not covet the privilege of just taking the entering class, that splendid six hundred and sixty-seven, and showing them in a very few minutes how mighty and major a thing is brotherhood in these great days of the world's need, perplexity, confusion and almost despair.

There are one hundred men on this platform who, out of hearts that glow with sentiment and emotion, could tell you of great friendships they have made and wonderful alliances of soul with great spirits whom they honor; but I fancy, too, they would tell you that the friendship that abides, the alliances that are steadfast and the great fellowship that they hold nearest to their hearts, they made on this Campus, in the brotherhood of Dartmouth, with its sympathy, its understanding, its red blood, its vigorous undertaking of the things which men of a college undertake on the campus and elsewhere, so fitting themselves that when the world might call them, when the sound of a trumpet should summon men to get together, they could respond worthily.

Then I like to believe, and I do profoundly believe, that a college is a place, and that Dartmouth College is a place, where men get that without which, it seems to me, life presents the most awkward dilemma and confusion imaginable,—namely, understanding. I think it is fine to be called honorable; I think it is good

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to be called noble; but I am inclined to think that one of the choicest compliments that can be paid to man or woman is to say that he or she is "such an understanding kind of a person." And by that I mean that not from your mere browsings in history and literature, but from your deep penetration and observation of the great facts and phenomena of life, not simply from little excursions into philosophy but rather from deep penetrations into the substance of it, not from mere acquaintanceship here and there but rather from the forming of indissoluble friendships, you will come to know what is in the human heart.

You will come to know of what the human spirit is capable. You will indeed know its frailties, but you will know tremendously its strengths; and you will read history, ancient or modern, you will read the daily newspaper and the current magazine, you will meet all sorts and conditions of men on an equal footing, without misgiving, without fear, because here, if you please, you met all sorts and conditions of men, you played, talked, walked, thought and disputed with all sorts and conditions of men. If it be not quite that, then you read of them or read their thoughts, and here you met the world in all its ranges, among your fellows and your friends, and it can hold nothing that shall surprise you and nothing that shall take you unawares.

Further, that same experience, to which you are looking forward and which we have been through, with its wide range, makes you wise in the understanding of men from the point of view of their limitations, their sorrows and their temptations, and makes you also sympathetic, because of your knowledge of their powers, their capacities, their emotions, their dreams and their achievements, so that without an envious heart you may see a classmate go far beyond you to great estate and large place, and see men who are much your juniors in college go on to things for which they were made, and rejoice in their success, while you do your part to measure up to one hundred per cent of your efficiency, like the honorable, brotherly, sympathetic, understanding soul you have come to be.

If I am mistaken about this which I believe Dartmouth College does for men, I want to be corrected, because there is not an alumnus here who does not from time to time get a letter from a perplexed father or mother as to where the boy had better go; and, while one dare not think that any institution is perfect, it is no small satisfaction, when one has a chance, to go on record in a personal, intimate, frank and confidential way in pointing that boy's footsteps up the northern trails that will land him on this Campus, to come under the hands of these men, who will treat him not so much as pupil as comrade in that most glorious quest for truth, manhood and character.

These are some of the things that I think Dartmouth is doing for men, and has done, and these are some of the things, men of '23, that it will do for you.

But, if you please, men of the entering class, and men of every class, and friends of the College, may I dare to say for you — what I am sure has been in your minds, and what is difficult to say, — that this College and every path within its hallowed

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precincts, this College and every blade of grass on its splendid Campus, this College and every room and hall through which the feet of men have gone, is forever consecrated, because men who got here these things of which I speak are no more; and tonight we walk these gravel paths, and it is not difficult to think of the rustle and tread of feet that shall not again cause the gravel to crunch or the grass to bend, or, when we step into halls, to think of those to whose united, eager or unwilling speech they shall never again re-echo, or class rooms where their voices shall not again sound forth more or less confidently that which they had to say.

I am thinking, men of '23 and of every other class, of how the Dartmouth name and the Dartmouth spirit has been baptized anew and consecrated anew by the sacrifices that Dartmouth men have made in these last years — sacrifices of time and of strength, sacrifices of anguish and of pain, ultimate sacrifices in the giving of their fine, young lives. As I shook hands this afternoon with fine young men — perhaps I ought not to mention names — men as dear to me as my own flesh and blood, and as I looked into the eyes of those men, whose grip made my hand wince, I thought of the other young men who had fallen by their sides in the past few years, and whose mortal remains now lie on the other side of the sea.

And as I walked around this Campus quietly tonight, on the edge of things, visualizing scenes when I lived here, I thought of many of these things that have come to us all so intimately. There is not a day passes when the vision of scenes here, memories associated with Dartmouth, do not come across my mind and cheer me up. I thought of the lines of Rupert Brooke:

"Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

"Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honor has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage."

Not for England alone, but for every land which gave its men and women for humanity, — for Dartmouth, for here, as almost nowhere else I know in all the world, are those words divinely true.

Men of '23, estimate at the highest possible rate you can the privileges of this College, for men have died for you and me these last few years who got that which they gave, that which made them what they were, on this plain which now envelops you and lays before you this feast indeed of all good things. Who can say other than

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this, that the world of which we are a part and that age into which we are to enter, whether it be called just a new age or what must be some kind of a transformed age to make us care to go into it, is presenting its new problems, and what better elements can you and I take forward into that age than the qualities of manhood, brotherhood, understanding, sympathy and service?

And, whether you will or not, and whether you knew or not when you pointed your steps hither, over your life and into your soul by your coming here is poured a quality of sacrifice than which the world knows no nobler. I would not care to lift my eyes upon tomorrow's sun if I did not profoundly believe that the world that is to be is going to be a brighter, happier, juster, cleaner, better world, for what Dartmouth men shall bring into it of the qualities which here they get.

If Dartmouth College may be thought of as a sort of factory, I would like to have you think of it for a moment as a place where artisans learn their tasks, learn how to fashion material for the great temple of liberty and humanity that is to be; and, indeed, at the risk of reading a poem — against which we have been warned, may I read these lines as representing that which I would like to leave with you, Dartmouth men and Dartmouth men in the making, men who shall put into the age that is to be something granitic out of these eternal hills, something red-blooded and human out of this divine fellowship, something fine and enduring out of the classic halls on this old Campus?

A NEW EARTH

God grant us wisdom in these coming days
  And eyes unsealed, that we clear visions see
Of that new world that He would have us build
  To Life's ennoblement, and His high ministry.

Not since Christ died upon His lonely cross
  Has Time such prospect held of Life's new birth:
Not since the world of chaos first was born
  Has man so clearly visaged hope of a new earth.

Not of our own might can we hope to rise
  Above the rut and soilures of the past,
But, with His help who did the first earth build,
  With hearts courageous we may fairer build this last.

President HOPKINS. We come to the end of the Dartmouth Night proceedings, but I would not have you do so without a consciousness of the spirit of age and tradition which has been emphasized throughout. We have heard it said, how large the College is at the present day, and yet, if you think this is the first time that Dartmouth has been a large college, I will ask you to read the statistics of enrollment of the American colleges in the decade from 1790 to 1800. Or if one says, "Yes, but that was a time of disorganization, following the Revolution," I will ask you to read the statistics from 1840 on. Fundamentally, the thing which the ages teach us is that

Dartmouth Night

Remarks by President Hopkins

the College is not what it is because of its quantity, but it is what it is because of its quality.

We meet here tonight under circumstances so different from those of the first Dartmouth Nights that have been spoken of that, unless we have the spirit of the common denominator of understanding, we shall lack a grasp of some of the finer things that went with the earlier and smaller group. But I like to think at this time that we, no less surely than those whose portraits we saw in the Old Chapel, faculty and distinguished alumni who gave so much for the College, for one hundred and fifty years have been working, the Dartmouth constituency, shoulder to shoulder, co-operatively, for the accomplishment of a common purpose, to enhance the citizenship of the country. I like to believe that Dartmouth men generally, to the extent of their ability and opportunities, have been so working through all the decades, just as truly and as earnestly as Webster, Choate, Thaddeus Stevens, and Salmon P. Chase.

The question may be asked, "What is the Dartmouth of 1919 going to be?" Make no mistake: The great fundamental impulse and purpose will still continue. The Dartmouth spirit is effective because of the team play which makes the man who serves on a team of the College, the man engaged in work of administration, the man who gives of his time and energy as trustee, the man who interests himself in the affairs of Dartmouth as an alumnus, work together, co-operate. And for the continuance of that spirit and that purpose we look to the men who are the bed rock of the College Spirit, the undergraduates of the College. It is because all these elements, all these influences, are melted together, fused into a common mold, that we have this College Spirit.

Gentlemen, there is tonight a responsibility upon the undergraduates of the College such as has seldom before, if ever, been placed upon the undergraduates of any college. There are in Dartmouth College tonight eight new men to every ten old ones, and the responsibility, therefore, rests with particular weight upon those ten who have known the College, and upon you eight who are new to the College, that in the quickest possible way the purposes of Dartmouth shall be understood and shall be accomplished.

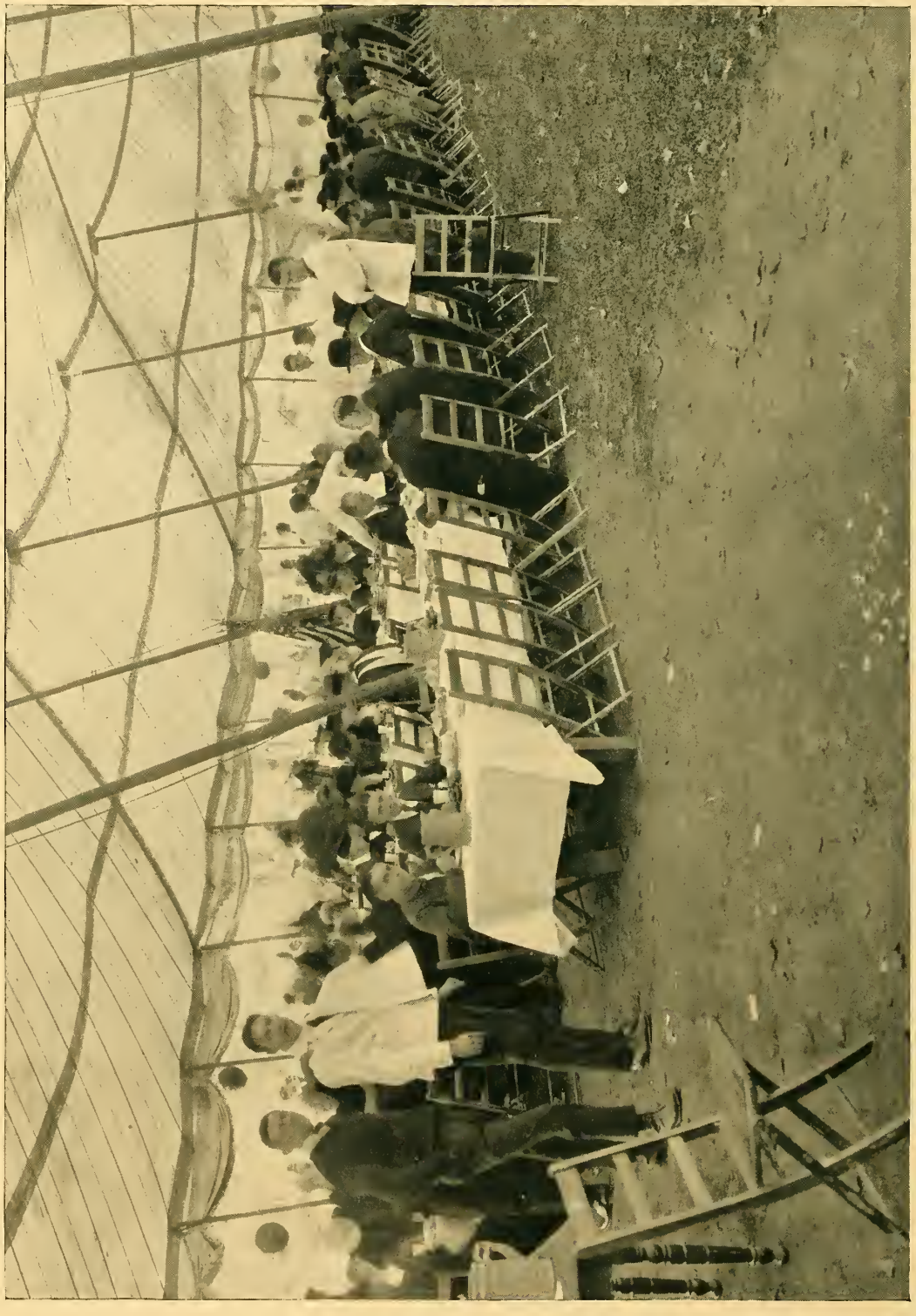
And now I want to call for one more college cheer, for the great founder of Dartmouth College, the courageous soul which was in Eleazar Wheelock.

After college cheers to the memory of Eleazar Wheelock and for President Hopkins, all present joined in singing "The Dartmouth Song," led by the Glee Club.

This closed the exercises of Dartmouth Night.

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial

The Pageant



Luncheon for Delegates in the Tent

Leaders of Student Activities

The Football Squad

Typical Dartmouth Undergraduates in 1919

The Anniversary Sermon by President Davis

SESQUI-CENTENNIAL SERMON

By THE REVEREND OZORA STEARNS DAVIS, D. D.
President of Chicago Theological Seminary

Vox Clamantis in Deserto

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill made low; and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places a plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." — Isa. 40: 3-5.

IF one seeks for a text appropriate to the Sesqui-Centennial of Dartmouth he turns instinctively to that great passage from Isaiah, which is also applied to the mission and character of John, the wilderness prophet, and was finally written into the seal of the College at the suggestion of Eleazar Wheelock.

The second Isaiah, prophet of hope in a time of exile; John the Baptizer, prophet of righteousness in an age gone stale with religious formalism; Eleazar Wheelock, prophet of learning and civilization in an age of rude and mighty beginnings! And of each it was fitly said that he was the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

In each of these eras these words bit deeply into the living tissue of the time. This was not merely a fine phrase of rhetoric. The words stand forth in stark and tremendous reality. They test the mind; they purge the heart; they set the wills of men fast upon great decisions under the stress of mighty urgency.

Centuries intervened between the use of the words in the sixth century before Christ, in the dawn days of the Christian era, and at the close of the eighteenth century, when Wheelock made the adventure of faith that laid the foundations of Dartmouth. A captive under the iron hand of the Babylonian terror, a rough man of the wilderness striking his ax hard at the root of contemporary sin, a pioneer minister and teacher — these were different characters; but they are strangely alike in their mission and message.

Therefore, on this significant anniversary, let us attempt to re-value the ancient Scripture which was first proposed to the English trust by Wheelock in 1770, and was finally incorporated into the seal of the College in 1773. It stands fittingly in its Latin translation: "*Vox Clamantis in Deserto.*"

The phrase cannot be understood apart from its following context, and we shall interpret it in its larger connections.

The Wilderness. In the case of Dartmouth the figure was vibrant and vivid with reality. The roads were rough and led through forests and over high hills. Who that lives in a city among the prairies today can appreciate the figure? But the men of early Dartmouth were at grips with the wilderness; they understood the words on their seal, because the wilderness entered into the very constitution of their lives.

But this is not the point. *The wilderness is the symbol of that world in which the*

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living College speaks and energizes. Is it still an accurate and adequate description of the contemporary life, in which the college functions and the college graduate fulfils his mission to his generation? Search the figure for its essential factors. The wilderness is rude, undisciplined, confusing, dangerous. The wilderness is alluring, big with romance, potential, mighty. It holds the promise of the riches that support civilization tangled in its wild growths and hidden in its dangerous deeps. Man is to realize it. The wilderness is not for the undoing of man; it is for his making. In subduing it he realizes himself.

That is the inmost meaning of the world, the vast, bewildering, terrible, fascinating, divine world upon which Dartmouth College has been laying its mighty and benignant hand for a hundred and fifty years. And never was the figure more significant than it is today, when the whole order of human life has been shaken to the foundations and a new world is in the making. The key of the present, upon which the blood is hardly dry, no longer fits the future's portal.

The Messenger. This word stands for the fundamental truth that no generation can be inspired and guided by impersonal forces. *It is the living man, speaking his truth home to the heart of his time that saves the world from chaos and old night.* There is no scheme by which life may be kept wholesome and tender. There are no panaceas for the generation's grief. At the last analysis it is the living person, the messenger, the voice that brings the world into right relations and makes it worth while to live.

This is what Dartmouth has been for a century and a half; this is what she has done. Her imperial summons, her high demand, has been *personal.* The College has not trusted any formula or program of her devising to make the Nation strong or guide the generations into paths of peace. She has spoken her burning word in the form of kindled souls who have put themselves personally into the service of their time. The glory of Dartmouth is not her buildings or her books; not her traditions or her publications; the glory of Dartmouth is her messengers, her men, her brotherhood of the flaming soul and the vibrant voice.

The Message. It is cast into the royal figure of a king's progress through his realm. The way of the Lord is to be prepared in order that he may pass through his rich and loyal lands. It is such a figure as would bring keen consciousness of pride and joy to the soul of an Oriental citizen. The visit of the king was the occasion of rejoicing and pride.

Under the figure lies a profound philosophy of history and a stirring vision of the meaning of the world. This universe is the place through which God moves with high and holy purpose. The world is the realm where God makes his way.

This was the thought in Wheelock's mind when he placed above the College building on the seal a triangle irradiate, bearing the two Hebrew words, "El Shaddai," *God Almighty.* The one central fact in the thought of these wilderness pioneers was that God Almighty is moving through his world and it is man's business to make his way ready and straight.

They were in contact with the elementary forces, — nature in its stern forms of

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forest, frost and rough wilderness paths. They were compelled to meet force with force, and they found their strength to lie at last in the Almighty Creator. Their faith was not a mere philosophy; it was a workable conviction that God was *real, mighty* and *forever on their side* in the struggle.

The Promise. The ancient Scripture contains a present imperative that is specific and compelling; it also contains a future tense which is heartening. It distributes the great work of making a highway for God under four items.

Every sundering valley shall be filled up. Once more, the physical figure is to be expanded into the economic, the social, the moral and the spiritual realms. There they stand, the valleys of class and color and creed, which no man can leap or bridge until the road-makers have performed their great task.

Dartmouth College and Dartmouth men have been mighty factors in bridging and filling the abysses that separate human comrades in their common life on earth.

There is the great chasm of race difference, which runs through all our life with its divisive and deadening influence. Wheelock began the College as a ministry to the red men. The vision of service to those who needed him found Wheelock in his study as a parish minister, and made him the pioneer of learning, morality and religion to the natives of these New England hills. The College changed its character, but it never has lost the genius of its founders. Dartmouth's democracy is the eternal defiance of class and racial boastfulness and privilege. Race suspicion and class antagonism must in time yield to the catholic temper which is the final issue of true culture. Wherever the Dartmouth man lives and works, there a spirit of universal human sympathy and service must be finding expression. Not that there will be a deadly uniformity of life at the end of the process; but because persistent differences will be recognized and utilized in ideals and programs big enough to unify them all.

Men of Dartmouth, way-makers for the regal progress of God through a distrustful and divided world, hear once more the message blazoned on the seal of the old Mother! He who harbors prejudice, he who cherishes scorn of another class or color or creed, is recreant to the spirit of our ancient and compelling truth. Bridge the gulfs that God may reign. Every valley shall be exalted!

The divisive barriers shall be leveled. From the darkness of the sundering valleys the figure changes swiftly to the majesty of the divisive summits. What different worlds lie on opposite sides of mountain ranges because the people cannot pass their rugged heights! No clear consciousness of human unity can be had unless men and women can mingle with one another; and the mountains keep them apart. Then the mountains must come down.

Sectional and racial boasting is a mountain that must be moved into the heart of the sea if we are to establish the Kingdom of God. This spirit starts in childhood and we have to fight it stubbornly up to old age. It begins by saying, *I, my family, my neighborhood, my state, my craft, my church,* is supreme in its claim upon me, and the rights of others are not to be seriously considered in the shaping of my duties.

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From this is born a rabid individualism, class arrogance, neighborhood impertinence, ecclesiastical despotism, and shrieking sectional patriotism. What is the cure for this? It lies in the ideal of universal good will, of sympathetic appreciation of others which produces the true balance for individualism, neighborliness, patriotism, morals and religion.

That some things are better than other things is essentially true and always will remain valid; but just because something is better, it has much to give, much to learn, and it never will despise that which is less efficient or desirable.

There is no finer test of an education than the way in which it furnishes this estimate and perspective to those who receive its gracious discipline. The culture that confirms the snobbishness of the boaster is the most disastrous and despicable influence that curses a democracy.

The true neighbor is the man who is conscious of the whole community, the true toiler is conscious of the whole task, the true patriot is conscious of the whole world. This is a great working philosophy of life; it is the faith of Dartmouth College.

And the crooked shall be made straight. This is another challenging aspect of the eternal task of Dartmouth men. The old heresy of Assyria and Rome is still mighty. It affirms that craft and guile and indirection, the ingrained and accursed crookednesses of human shrewdness, are better ways by which to gain the highest ends of life, than are straightforward honor, noble truthfulness and utter cleanness of heart.

Against all this brazen affirmation of craft and crookedness, the man of true culture dares to affirm that there is a better way. It is the path of honor and the program of integrity. In the end the secret treaties of the diplomats make the open sores of the world. John Hay showed the better manner in statesmanship. If suspicion and trickery do not make good neighbors when their lawns border, they never will make friendly nations whose borders are long and far apart.

It takes faith and courage to trust the final victory of simple, rugged truth over all the arts and wiles that selfish craftiness can concoct. But in the end, after we and all our work are committed to the ages, the thing that was fair and honest conquers.

Perhaps there is no finer example of this to be found than the victory of justice and the sanctity of contract in the great Dartmouth College case. There stood the word of the State, given honorably. Could it be moved or underdug or covered over? Legal skill was matched in the conflict, and the College became forever the debtor to Webster; but it was not the plea of the great lawyer alone that won the battle; it was the victory of truth over falsehood. It was a mighty straightening of crooked ways.

A Dartmouth man is trained to *trust the truth implicit in his cause*, and then to work, knowing that the truth and the right have the universe on their side. There was a league made in the first dawn of the world between eternal truth and the new stars, and their morning song was sung to celebrate the union. God is not on the side of the biggest battalions except those regiments be striving for the right. Their

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size is important; but the cause for which they contend is all important. A Dartmouth man must be great enough to be honest.

And the rough places shall be made plain. Again, it is not a physical symbol that concerns us. No one needed to tell Wheelock about the rough places; his ox team found them on its jolting journey toward the heralding North. They that wear soft clothing are in Kings' palaces.

This morning I stood reverently again in front of that tablet which marks the site of Wheelock's first building for Dartmouth. There, cast in bronze, are his simple, heroic words:

"I made a Hutt of Loggs about 18 feet square, without stone, brick, glass or nail.* * My sons and students made booths and beds of hemlock boughs."

There in vivid, biting words is the expression of the rough places. Something must be done with them, or the world would remain harsh forever.

And this is precisely what Wheelock set out to do — to soften a rude world and make the rough way passable. He knew what must be done before a Packard car could comfortably tour the Blue Trail through Hanover.

It is unnecessary to balance this proposition with the statement that we do not seek such a softening down of life as would remove entirely its rugged and serious character. The highway of the Lord must not be confused with the primrose path.

Life never was more desperately in need of the gentler touch, the kinder tone, and the accent of tenderness than it is today. How hard and rough it is for millions of people! The age waits for the finer touch of men educated in such a college as Dartmouth. The world is hungrier for love than it is for bread. It is not enough to have enough. The Chinese get at the heart of the matter when they say: "Let him that hath two loaves sell one and buy a lily." The soul is inclined to make her boast in the multitude of her belongings; but the gift of beauty is her most precious treasure.

The Dartmouth spirit is discriminating. It knows that if, at the end of his acquisitive day, the rich merchant cannot appreciate a poem or a picture his dividends are only his disaster. He has not *lived;* he has only *labored.*

Dartmouth has stood patiently and steadfastly for a century and a half, bringing this finer, sweeter, and more gracious force into American life. This is gathered up most concisely, perhaps, in the grand and simple word *courtesy.* The typical Dartmouth man is, in all the nobility of that word, a *gentleman.* He makes the rough places a plain.

The Glory of the Great Revelation. "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." What is the glory of God? Surely it is the character, the personal purpose of the Almighty Father and the happiness and prosperity of the children of men. This is the glory of a human father; it must be the glory of the Eternal God.

Thus once more we face a superb conception of the meaning of the universe and of our own part in it. This world is the sphere in which the love and the personal will of God are being realized and unveiled; here is where the highest happiness and

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greatest power of man is being worked out. The progress of history, the development of human institutions, are an apocalypse of the nature and the will of God.

If any group of men may be expected to see this truth clearly it is those who have been educated in institutions like Dartmouth, where the fundamental questions of life are faced without fear. The universe does not remain a riddle to men of this stamp and mold.

That which is in accord with the justice, the love and the patience of God becomes a law of life to the educated man. That which promotes the happiness and prosperity of men and women, children of God, living together in the realm of his unfolding glory, becomes ethically right and practically desirable. Thus we are not left in uncertainty as to what is the ultimate constitution of society or the warrant of a good man's action; it is the character of the Father God and the welfare of his earthly children.

Therefore life, to the educated man, is not a static matter; it is a process, age-long and steady, directed toward supreme ends — the revelation of the love of God and the majesty of man. What value the universe assumes in the flaming splendor of this great apocalypse! We are not working at a little task. Life is partnership with the Eternal Love to realize the implicit nobility of man made in the image of the divine. We handle sacred things when we work at common tasks. The platinum and diamonds of human souls; the enduring substance of mortal lives; these are the materials with which we work to make the world anew.

The Universal Vision and Achievement. The great passage now rises to a superb height. "And all flesh shall see it together." This means more than simply viewing a spectacle. It means that all the races together shall sometime experience a world which is unified and ennobled, according to this majestic vision of the filled valleys, the leveled mountains and the straight, smooth way along which shall move all the energies which make this a world fit for the life of the children of God.

Note how those two words *all* and *together* are stressed in order to make it clear that there are no exceptions to the international, inter-racial and universal fusion of a redeemed humanity which shall sometime come into being when men have lent themselves fully to the sovereign purpose of God that plans over them.

Do we mean just this? Or is it merely the pretty dream of the poet and the alluring word of the prophet? How long the centuries from Isaiah to John, and from John to Wheelock, and from Wheelock until today! But this audacious, glorious vision is still the substance of the hopes that make us men. Today we are split into discordant races, black and brown and yellow and white, with that tragic tinge of vanishing red which called into being the Dartmouth of those heroic days which we are celebrating now. And the time is coming when all flesh, of every tone and color, shall see together the new universe of a unified and ennobled humanity. Dare we believe it? *Dare we believe anything less?*

Today we are in the midst of the most terrific class struggle that ever has shaken the economic and social order. And the time is coming when a larger program

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and a nobler fellowship will blend the discordant interests of the classes into a spirit of good will that will make the welfare of all hold in leash every selfish and competing interest. How far away it all seems when we think of Russia and England and the United States, torn at this very moment by the titanic class conflict which is making the struggles on the Marne and the Somme seem slight and far away. Dare we believe it? *Dare we, in the faith of Dartmouth's shield, believe anything less?*

Today the spiritual interests of humanity are torn by faction and harried by distrust. "So many gods, so many creeds, so many paths that wind and wind," cries out one singer, who shudders at the dark. And we must admit the justice of a deep resentment at this on the part of many earnest souls.

Is the God of Jesus, is the Christ of the Christian's love and hope, great enough to blend and fuse this mass of yearning and unrest into a holy, passionate, loving brotherhood of souls who shall make this world in very truth God's world? Yes.

This is the most imperial, the most audacious, the most exacting faith which a human soul may dare to hold. To believe abstruse propositions concerning a metaphysical trinity is easy in comparison with the conviction that this human race, so vast, so complex, so contradictory, is the subject of the divine redemptive love of God, which cannot finally be defeated, and which will unite mankind into a brotherhood of good will.

But what splendor lies in the faith! What commanding enterprises are set before us by it! How it rebukes our pettiness, chastens our partisan and provincial interest, and makes us the citizens of the commonwealth of all human concerns! This is the true glory of the educated man. He is made the partner in God's redemption of the universe.

The Divine Sanction. Is there any warrant for this superb faith? Isaiah and John and Wheelock had no doubt about it. It was settled in this glorious affirmative: "*The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*" God was behind the vision; the Almighty sanctioned the program.

This is the faith in which the foundations of Dartmouth were laid; this is the faith in which Dartmouth men have dared to attempt what seemed to be the impossible; this is the sublime, the tolerant, the daring faith in which we must move mightily like an army with banners into the new day.

This simple resolute confidence that God is in the whole mighty movement of life is far deeper and more sustaining than any expression of it in creed or sacrament, in ritual or institution, although all these are vital to it. This faith becomes a passion, a flame, a sustaining energy that knows no defeat, beats defiantly against barriers of every kind and, finally, in countless miracles of the Marne, puts to rout the mightiest of armies by the power of its dauntless trust in the Eternal.

The radical and the revolutionist fill the air with their shouting, and for the moment would convince the world that its normal color is red. In the long process, however, the good will of the vast majority of mankind can be trusted. The disciplined mind, the broad sympathies and the determined will of men of culture and

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restraint may be trusted to work out the program of good-will. And the supreme creative factor in this is a simple, sturdy, tolerant faith in the God in whom Isaiah and John and Eleazar Wheelock believed so mightily that they wrought better than they knew. It is in this faith that "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," that Dartmouth and her loyal sons go forth to meet the unknown future without fear and with manly hearts.

Tomorrow night our festival will be ended. We shall move in the old, unshaken faith of the prophets into another century of service by the College to God and humanity. Kipling's prayer shall again be ours:

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial

The Exercises in Webster Hall

After the Exercises in Webster Hall

Faculty and Alumni Entering the Hall

The Head of the Procession

THE EXERCISES IN WEBSTER HALL

The Formal Exercises

The first part of the Webster Hall exercises were conducted by Grand Marshal Eugene Francis Clark, Ph.D., who led the procession into the hall, and presided during the first part of the exercises.

Grand Marshal Clark, in opening the exercises, called on the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., to offer prayer, and, thereafter, upon the various participants in the exercises as here recorded:

Prayer by Doctor Clark

PRAYER *by* THE REVEREND FRANCIS EDWARD CLARK, D. D., LL. D.

DR. CLARK. Our Father in heaven, Thou wert our forefathers' God and Thou art our God. We thank Thee for this day and for the seven score years and ten that have made this day possible. We thank Thee for our noble and consecrated founders and for all the men who during these long decades have guided the affairs of Dartmouth College. We thank Thee for the men who are now giving to the College the strength of their manhood, that it may be a nobler and greater institution in the future than ever it has been in the days gone by. We pray that divine wisdom may ever be theirs; we pray that this may ever be a place where God is honored and where souls, as well as minds, are quickened into new life, where the Saviour of mankind is the great exemplar and teacher.

May our College ever be a voice crying in city or wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" May the spirit of God be ever infused in the Dartmouth spirit. We ask this in loyalty to Him in whose name and for whose service our College was founded, even our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. Amen.

Grand Marshal CLARK. Felicitations will now be extended by representatives of the various groups present. We shall first hear, as representing the undergraduate body, from Herman Wilson Newell, of the Class of 1920.

FELICITATIONS FROM THE UNDERGRADUATE BODY

By HERMAN WILSON NEWELL '20

MR. NEWELL. As spokesman of the undergraduate body I feel that I express their sentiment aright when I say that every man among us feels that he is enjoying a great privilege in being present at this Sesqui-Centennial Celebration of the birth of our College.

The events of these few days have given us a new vision of our College, for we have been made to realize what a small part we are playing in its life history. At the same time we are made to swell with pride at the realization that we are the youngest sons of this old historic family, which has come back home during these last few days in a memorable family reunion.

The whole village seems charged and fairly bursting with Dartmouth spirit and enthusiasm. To us the College has had a new birth; for the events of these last few days and our association with the prominent men who have been here among us have impressed our minds with the significance of the great institution which is behind us.

The Formal Exercises Felicitations by Mr. Newell

We see in the distance our old founder, Eleazar Wheelock, who hewed his way into these forests a century and a half ago, braving every difficulty and hardship to give our College its humble birth. A man of sixty winters (beginning his work when most of us will have finished), a man of iron will and broadest vision — such was the man who labored, and prayed, and gave his last ounce of strength to plant in these hills of granite the seed of a wonderful institution.

Time went on and the little College in the wilderness gained strength. We look back, however, to an even century ago, and we see it tottering and facing dissolution at the hands of the State. A young alumnus came to the rescue, a man never to be forgotten among our heroes. Yes, it was Daniel Webster, who put the name of Dartmouth in the pages of history when he pleaded and wept before the courts at Washington to save the life of the little College he had learned to love.

So it has been from year to year, each class bringing its great men who have come and gone — leaving for us the history and traditions which crowd our minds today. These traditions of a century and a half are beyond price. They are something with which millionaires cannot endow us. We must guard and keep them. As the thought of it all fills our minds, we (I mean we undergraduates) seem to shrink into insignificance — but, after a moment's reflection, we realize that we have done something to maintain ourselves in the ranks of Dartmouth heroes. A war in Europe, our nation's honor at stake, and the call to colors was our challenge and our trial. Nearly a thousand men tore themselves from the College they loved. Four score and ten will never come back to see it again. There was our answer.

Yes, men, that old spirit, which the founders felt so many years ago, and which alumni have felt more recently, is still here. Things have changed in a physical way, but the old pine planted in the days of Eleazar is still propagating its kind. The same love of nature still grips us, the same substantialness of these granite hills is still a part of us, and those same ideals of big-heartedness and democracy are still imbedded in us. We realize that Dartmouth men are for the big things of life, that they are satisfied with nothing but success, that Dartmouth is the parent of men, real men, men such as we have seen and heard during these last few days, men who, wherever they are, have shared and shaped the destinies of others, and have placed their imprint on the world.

As undergraduates it is our one aim and object to show ourselves worthy of being called "Men of Dartmouth." With this knowledge that we are members of a college of distinct individuality, with this feeling of heartfelt devotion toward our aged parent, we say to you, President Hopkins, lead the way; to the last man we are with you; use us, depend upon us; unto the last we pledge our loyalty to Dartmouth.

FELICITATIONS FROM THE FACULTY

By PROFESSOR EDWIN JULIUS BARTLETT, A. M., M. D., Sc. D.

The Formal Exercises

Felicitations by Professor Bartlett

PROFESSOR BARTLETT. President Hopkins, Dear Friend — I mean to say Honored Sir —, I come before you a relic of a former generation. For I was among those present in that "big top" fifty years ago when the windows of the heavens were opened and the rains descended and washed the oldest living graduates and the distinguished guests out of the high seats onto the ground. I, with many others here, knew for several years Judge Nathan Crosby of Lowell. Judge Crosby was a junior in College in 1819 when the College celebrated, with scant decorum we are told, that memorable decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. And many times young Crosby must have seen John Wheelock, a graduate of the first class of the College, who died in Hanover late in Crosby's freshman year.

It is my pleasant duty today to offer you the felicitations of your faculty. I say *your* faculty with intention; for I have not forgotten that that notable instrument which conceals much wisdom in many words empowers the trustees to "elect, nominate and appoint tutors and professors to assist the President in the education and government of the students."

It is a pleasant task, but I find it a delicate one; it is so much like the public conveying of compliments between members of the same family. Perhaps it will not be delicate when I have finished. I think I understand the distinction between "congratulate" and "felicitate." I have been told that we congratulate the prospective bridegroom, the newly betrothed male, because he thinks he has accomplished a great achievement, whereas we felicitate the lady in the case since she may not be suspected of striving. I do not find an adequate parallel here.

But, Mr. President, I am full of joy today — not that form of joy which seems inseparable from the early ceremonies of the College, but a joy which I may invite you to share — that one Eleazar, of significant name, in his sixtieth year, came up into this vast wilderness and built him a college which you, in due season, should administer. I wish he could see it today! You may well have pride and solemn joy in that compelling and everlasting motto of the Great Seal, not "the voice of one *crying* in the wilderness," but "the voice of one making a clamor in the wilderness" — shouting loudly — "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight before him."

Rejoice in the brave men who, one hundred years ago, stood firm that the State might become our friend and not our master, and in the goodly company of saints who from their labors rest, and many excellent sinners, whose presence we feel here today.

I felicitate and I congratulate you, too, on the united, helpful and generous alumni and the faculty strong for their work, common blessings to be prayed for by college presidents, and on the great College, never so great before, which has come so splendidly through the trial by fire. You have lived and you have wrought

The Formal Exercises

Felicitations by Mr. Abbott

in great times. And it will be a joy to you all your life that you have seen the young men of our land, our own and others, rise to noble deeds at the inspiration of high ideals. You can never be discouraged at superficial lack of earnestness.

And I think I felicitate you most — and I envy you, too,— in the struggle to come. In our world, more bewildered than vicious, it seems as though honesty, fair play, helpfulness and duty have largely lost their meaning, and you in your early but experienced manhood stand where you may bring and hold the college man to a living belief in the eternal rule of great principles.

FELICITATIONS FROM THE ALUMNI

By WILLIAM TABOR ABBOTT, ESQ.

MR. ABBOTT. Men of Dartmouth, our friends, Mr. President: In your inaugural address, Mr. President, you said, "Today we are summoned forth along uncharted ways into the mazes of a changed life and a rapidly transforming world." Your whole address, everything you said on that occasion, vibrated with the spirit of the new era. But I doubt if even your prophetic vision saw the situation of our country as it is today; and I think it is well on this celebration of the anniversary of the College that we should indulge in introspection and try to comprehend the situations confronting us and our ability and will to meet them.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, that the use of the vehicle of transition from the alumni to the College falls to one who speaks the casual language of the street, unadorned with rhetorical phraseology of academic usage. But it may serve a reciprocal purpose on such an occasion as this for one who uses such a different language to try to interpret the College to the world.

In the few minutes that are mine I shall endeavor to give my view of the situation, the reason and the answer.

What is our situation? The aftermath of war has strewn our country with more mental corpses than there are bodies lying beneath the sod of France and in Flanders fields. Many of the men of Dartmouth, and others who made the supreme sacrifice that France and liberty might live, are gone beyond recall. Their voices cannot be heard. But those who return have a right to expect that their home-coming shall be, in the language of the song we sang, praying that God might bring our dear boys back again, "Back to the land of peace and light."

Are our boys coming back to such a land? No. They have a right to expect that, but to what have they returned? We have not been touched by the war, except those families who mourn the loss of son or brother. We made no sacrifices, met no hardships. We had enough to eat, wholesome food and all that was good for us. It was not a sacrifice to go without the sugar which was making us fat and lazy. We were better off for some such deprivation. You may remember the story of the colored woman who did not seem to greet her Sam as he came back from the war with any particular degree of happiness. She said, "Oh, yes, I'm glad to have him back; it's kin' of nice to have him

'round,—but I want to tell you that I surely never will get my money so reg'lar as when Sam was in the army and the United States took charge of his financial affairs."

The Formal Exercises

Felicitations by Mr. Abbott

There are many who never will get it so regular again. You know what they say about the situation in England. They say there are only two classes of people left — the nice people, who have been impoverished by the war, and the nasty people, who have been enriched by it.

But, instead of a people happy, contented and prosperous, what do our returning boys find? Everybody with a grouch, discontented, nobody satisfied with his lot. The thrift which we were taught in war has given place to the most reckless extravagance. That co-operation, that pull-together spirit which enabled us to make our necessary contribution, has given away to a spirit of pulling apart, in as many directions as a well boxed compass. The man of business, honest in every other respect, hesitates to take the profits of honest business and speculation by reason of fearing the income tax. Everybody is trying to find ways and means to meet the demands of the bond to which he subscribed; everybody is worried by the high cost of living, so that it sometimes seems as if we were all in a balloon and somebody had lost the parachute and the dirigible apparatus. The hand of labor is raised in anger and in protest against its own salvation, success and prosperity, and the salvation, success and prosperity of the country, demanding restricted production when every thinking man knows that the salvation and prosperity of the world depends for years upon unlimited production and upon ten, twelve or fourteen hours' work a day, and not six.

What is the reason for this situation? What is the matter with the American people today? One thing is that we are filled with a germ or bug of some kind which leads many of us to think that it is possible for individual happiness, national welfare and progress of civilization to go on when nobody is working. It affects alike the proletariat, the bourgeoisie and the intellectuals. Our intellectual men are not wholly free from blame, because there have been times, and still are, when our leaders have allowed their sympathies to run away with their intelligence, suggesting certain remedies for the disease when the disease itself was not half diagnosed or when the diagnosis was all wrong; and we see desperate attempts to spread delusions on our shores in the shape of propaganda to the effect that government of the least fitted for the least fitted, of the most poorly equipped for the benefit of the most poorly equipped, of the most ignorant and irresponsible for the most ignorant and irresponsible, is an enlightened ideal of statesmanship and a model form of government!

Those two things are the great evils of Bolshevism. The delusion of the division of property is not of such great consequence, because that will adjust itself in a single generation.

Those, as I see them, are the threatened diseases. What is the answer? The answer of the men of Dartmouth to the first proposition, as I take it, is this: That, while not necessarily returning to the Spartan simplicities of the '80's and '90's, I

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believe the undergraduates and the alumni of Dartmouth in these days believe now, as never before, that the path to human happiness is the straight and narrow one of hard, constant and well paid toil.

What is the answer to the other proposition? It lies in a campaign of education and conversion, and in that campaign of education and conversion the college men of today and of the next five or ten years are the natural leaders.

There is an answer to be found there, or else, my friends, the only alternative, if the Nation is to be preserved, is that the tyranny of the mob, the forces of disorder, will be met by the forces of order, and will have to submit to the superior force. But we shall not come to that.

Dartmouth College must take the lead in that leadership which will control that campaign of education and conversion. Our geographical isolation is now no excuse, since Dartmouth is a national institution and not the sectional college of years ago.

You, sir (addressing President Hopkins), an educated man of the world, are in the grandest position of any man in this country today to train those leaders of leaders who will wake the American people up to a new ideal of patriotism, pull them out of the slough of despond that they are in today, and point the way to a wholesomer, saner and happier day.

I venture to say that this is perhaps the strangest and perhaps the worst address ever made in an academic hall. But there is a point back of it all. What I have been trying to say, Mr. President, is that if your purpose today is as firm as your vision was far-sighted three years ago, and you grasp the situation as we know you will, the alumni of Dartmouth College will be back of you to a man with their money, their effort and their personal influence. They are back of you in war and peace, in life and through life, till death do us part.

FELICITATIONS FROM THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE COLLEGES

By FREDERICK SCHEETZ JONES, LL. D.

DEAN JONES. Friends and guests of Dartmouth, when a college president sticks strictly to business, he sometimes gives a member of the faculty a chance to get off on a birthday junket. I fully approve of presidents of universities attending to their official duties.

It is a lucky coincidence that Eleazar Wheelock happened to pick Dartmouth as a good college to found and happened to pick Yale as a good college to graduate from; and I am frank to say that I am particularly happy that President Hadley is busy today and could not, on account of official duty, be here to take my place.

I have been a guest of Dartmouth before on more than one occasion, and that was impressed upon me when I received the invitation to represent the brotherhood of American colleges today. It was suggested that the message might well be con-

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Felicitations by Dean Jones

fined to five minutes, not because the brotherhood of American colleges is a subject that should not occupy more time, but because, as I have said, I have been to Dartmouth on other occasions!

My friends, I suppose that the reason why I speak here today for the fellowship of American colleges is because Yale is sometimes called the mother of Dartmouth. She has been the mother of many and the friend of all, but because she is the mother of Dartmouth, a representative of Yale is asked to speak for the brotherhood of colleges.

We have listened to the wonderful history of Dartmouth in one hundred and fifty years of splendid achievement. We rejoice. We remember that in the great struggles for national liberty and for individual freedom, in the struggle for the integrity of the Union as well as in the recent struggle for the freedom of the world, Dartmouth played a conspicuous part; and in the peaceful walks of life, in law, theology, medicine, education, business, commerce and politics, the history of the Nation cannot be written if we exclude therefrom the history of Dartmouth, and Dartmouth men.

And so we come here today to pay tribute to Dartmouth, to rejoice in her wonderful past, which we regard with exultation; to view her present, which we consider to be eminently satisfactory; to look to her future, which we do with confidence. And, sir, these delegates from the colleges for which I speak unite in wishing Godspeed to Dartmouth!

I have seen here today representatives from the great American universities, from the colleges of New England, from the far South, from the far West, — I know not how many, — but we come here, a brotherhood of delegates representing all the American universities and colleges, to pay tribute to Dartmouth. We have come here in devious and varied ways. Some may have rolled into Hanover in luxuriously appointed limousines; and some of us came on the train that gets into the junction at 1.20 A.M.! Can anybody question the love for Dartmouth of any of us who arrived on that train?

We are a brotherhood of American colleges, without jealousy, but rejoicing in the splendid results of the one hundred and fifty years of Dartmouth's history. We hope that those years may be merely the morning hours of Dartmouth's long day, that there may be no eventide, that there may be for Dartmouth no lengthening shadows, but that Dartmouth may hold her purpose, sailing beyond the sunset and the paths of all the western stars.

And so, sir, for the brotherhood of American colleges I greet you. I can do no better than use the words of the great apostle: "All the brethren who are with me greet you, and all the saints salute you!"

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Felicitations by the Governor

FELICITATIONS FROM THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

By HIS EXCELLENCY, JOHN HENRY BARTLETT, A. M.

GOVERNOR BARTLETT. Mr. President, I bring to Dartmouth, now a nation-wide college, the greetings of the State of New Hampshire, which governed her when a child and sought to adopt or abduct her, after a century of generally mutual friendship and prosperity. New Hampshire, clothed in due humility for its earlier sins, not vaunting its occasional and modest benevolences, comes to this, Dartmouth's festal anniversary, bearing its many candled birthday cake, bringing of its fertile acres, of its forests of painted beauty, and speaking the love of half a million warm and admiring hearts.

During these years, through the College, the State has from its sister states, received within its jurisdiction thousands of stalwart men who have left their valuable imprint upon the State and then borne back to the world from this State something of their Alma Mater.

We welcome such here now again to the hospitality of our Commonwealth. The people of New Hampshire, Mr. President, have ever been solicitous for the highest good of the succession of students here and have taken real pride in this institution; and may I add that the State itself has stricken from the Wheelock curriculum that bibulous elective course so well advertised in tradition and song!

Permit me, sir, on behalf of the State, to bring congratulations and felicitations to the College. The State credits measureless days of Dartmouth for the strong men who have drunk strength from this historic shrine among the hills, realizing that a kind of virtue has radiated from this, our College, not wholly like any other in all America, such virtue as reflects the sturdy and hearty ruggedness of earlier American days, when genuinely American ideals were in the making.

Our State has been the beneficiary of those ideals, born and nourished here. For that the State is grateful.

May I not end my salutation in the old familiar phrase of endearment, "The State wishes the College many happy returns of the day!"

THE ANNIVERSARY ODE

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The Ode by Professor Childs

Following the felicitations the Anniversary Ode, written for the occasion by Professor Francis Lane Childs and set to music by Professor Leonard Beecher McWhood, was rendered by the College Glee Club and the Orchestra. The words are as follows:

Dartmouth, old Dartmouth,
Your sons have come home!
From the ends of the earth
To your halls in the North
Your sons have come home, —
Come home!

Your sons!
You have mothered them all;
With your strength you have fed them,
With your wisdom have taught them,
With your love you have blest them
And sent them forth;
Bidding them go where life should run quickest,
And men should be needed to lead in the combat
Undaunted, untamed as the winds that blow
Through the pines on the hill where you watch o'er them yet.

Dartmouth, old Dartmouth,
Your sons have come home!
From the ends of the earth
To your halls in the North
Your sons have come home, —
Come home!

Your torch that you kindled in faith for the eldest
A hundred and fifty winters ago,
A wilderness guide for your Indian sons,
Has burned to a beacon flaming so far
That your youngest have seen it in France and in Flanders, —
Have seen it and known that your watch is still set
In their home in the North;
And whispering your name have given their lives
In courage and strength, as you bade, for the truth.
O mother of men, blest are your sons!

Dartmouth, old Dartmouth,
Your sons have come home!
From the ends of the earth
To your halls in the North
Your sons have come home, —
Come home!

Following the singing of the Ode, President Hopkins assumed direction of the exercises and carried them to conclusion in the order following:

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial

The Exercises in Webster Hall

The Senior Escort

President Hopkins and Governor Bartlett

General Patterson, Honorary Marshal

The Procession Leaving the Hall

ADDRESS: THE COLLEGE A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR PUBLIC SERVICE

By JUSTICE WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD, LL. D.

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Address by Justice Stafford

JUSTICE STAFFORD. Mr. President. When Wycliffe earned the proud title of heretic by giving Englishmen a translation of the Bible, he would not use the word *church* to signify the great body of Christian believers. He chose the word *congregation*. And this was one of his chief offences. That choice marked the whole difference between ecclesiasticism, the hierarchy that had ruled Europe for a thousand years, and the reign of the people, which was even then beginning. Wycliffe was wise enough to know that the word *church* would conjure up for his readers a picture of cathedrals, croziers, mitres, and all the pomp and paraphernalia of the priests. We are always having to do what Wycliffe then did, — to get back to the original idea, the impulse and inspiration which has clothed itself in the visible form and institution. When we come upon the word *college*, have we not instantly before our eyes a picture of such a group of buildings as surrounds us now, — of laboratories and class-rooms, of campus, gowns and processions, and all the equipment and ceremonial of academic life? What we have to do this morning is to forget all these, to strip our minds of everything external, and try to find the spirit itself that makes a college what it is. For there must be something at the heart of all we see that could suffer the loss of all and yet keep on its way, making for itself new instruments to work with. That spirit, as I conceive it, is, *A bold and hardy determination to cultivate and discipline our powers, with the aid of all that men have learned before us, and then to pour the whole stream of our power into the noble tasks of our own time.* Its voice is not the subdued murmur of the cloister: it is *vox clamantis in deserto*, sane, wholesome, invigorating, as President Tucker has described it, — the voice of a hermit, perhaps, but a hermit who has trained and strengthened himself in the desert, and now returns to be the leader and prophet of his people. That is the spirit that puts forth institutions as a tree puts forth its leaves, and when they fall can put forth others without end.

That spirit has shown itself in men who never knew how the inside of a college looked. When Lincoln jotted down the main facts of his life for the Congressional Directory, he wrote: "Education defective." And yet, tried by the test we are applying now, he was college-bred. The question is not, whether you studied Euclid in a class-room or stretched out on the counter of a country store. The question is, whether you mastered it. Lincoln did. And the thews and sinews of his mind, which he developed so, stood by him in the day when he threw Douglas down. John Keats was as innocent of the Greek language as the new curriculum assumes all men should be; yet out of some stray book on mythology the "miserable apprentice to an apothecary" contrived to draw into his soul the very spirit of Hellenic art, until he left us poems which Hellenists declare to be more Grecian than the Greek. He, too, was college-bred, as we now mean it, for he was impelled by that determination

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to subdue and fructify his powers, with the aid of all the past has left us, until they yielded something glorious and undying for his fellow men. His spirit was not the spirit of the dove, but of the eagle:

> "My spirit is too weak! Mortality
> Weighs heavily on me, like unwilling sleep;
> And each imagined pinnacle and steep
> Of godlike hardship tells me I must die,
> Like a sick eagle looking at the sky."

If I am right, there lie wrapt up in this determination those three aims: (1) to discipline one's powers and make them fruitful; (2) in order to accomplish this, to make use of all that men have gained before us; and (3) to devote these powers and acquisitions to the common weal. The advantage the college has is this: That here the determined spirit finds the tool-shop and the arsenal. That spirit itself the college can foster and encourage but cannot create. It can and does lay open to its use the weapons and the tools. It can and does teach in a fair, general way, what men thus far have done. It leads the new-comer to the point where they left off, and says: "Begin here, if you would not waste your time. This territory has been conquered. Go forth from this frontier." It also shows the worker of the present day what other men are doing. It brings him into touch with them, that he may put his effort forth where it will tell the most. Better still, it can and does help him to find out himself, — not by telling him what he can or cannot do, as the President of Harvard told Phillips Brooks that he could never hope to preach, but by giving him the chance and means to find out for himself. And, above all the rest, if it is true to its high calling, it can and does prompt the determined spirit, disciplined by toil and taught its fitting place, to look on every gift that it possesses as on a sacred trust with which to serve its time.

Now it is the glory of Dartmouth that in an eminent degree it has been the embodiment of this spirit. Whenever men hear this name they have a very clear and definite conception of what it means. Dartmouth has succeeded in creating or manifesting a spirit by which it may be known, something that may be said to belong to it. Without neglecting, certainly without despising, the graces and refinements of scholarship, it has laid its emphasis upon a certain virility, a masculine vigor of intellect and effort,—what soldiers sometimes call "grit and iron." It is not afraid of difficulties. Rather it asks for something hard to do. When Othello is summoned from the bridal bed to undertake the Turkish wars, he exclaims:

> "The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
> Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
> My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
> A natural and prompt alacrity
> I find in hardness!"

He finds in it something akin to his own nature, and embraces it as a brother. Dartmouth does not exactly stand for the Montessori system in higher education!

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It has always harbored a suspicion that one of the principal things to be gained in a place like this is the ability to hold the mind to a disagreeable but necessary task. It may find itself a little old-fashioned herein; but the entrance list would indicate that there are still a considerable number who share the suspicion. There is a sense in which those famous lines in the Prophecy of Capys belong to "the cloisters of the hill-girt plain":

"Leave to the soft Campanian
  His baths and his perfumes;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
  Their dyeing-vats and looms;
Leave to the sons of Carthage
  The rudder and the oar;
Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs
  And scrolls of wordy lore!
Thine, Roman, is the pilum!
  Roman, the sword is thine!"

Of course when I lay claim to lines like those I am not speaking of what Eleazar Wheelock would have called "carnal weapons." You know perfectly well that I have in mind an intellectual temper, an ideal of education as a discipline devoted to the State,— every power trained to the utmost and then given unstintedly, used religiously, for the public good. That temper, that ideal, I do on this great day claim for Dartmouth; and I vouch the history of the Nation, a few years younger than the College itself, to make good the claim.

If I were asked to make clear to a novice in American history the main course of its stream, I would try to make him understand, first of all, the conflict between two ideas, two hostile conceptions of the Nation and its organic law, on the one hand a conception that looked upon the Constitution as a mere compact between sovereign States, on the other a conception that looked upon it as the body in which one whole people's life was to be lived. He would trace the course of that struggle through debates and decisions. He would see the minds of the country divided into two hostile camps; and finally he would see the same contending hosts with arms in their hands, and behold the triumph of the national idea upon the field of blood. I would try to make him understand, next, the relation of this struggle to the institution of slavery. He would see in one section a civilization based upon that institution, essentially feudal and looking toward the past. In another he would see a civilization essentially free and looking to the future. He would see the doctrine of State Rights adhered to by the one, the doctrine of an indivisible Union adhered to by the other. He would observe that the real strength of slavery lay in the Constitution itself. There was its citadel, from which, for generations to come, it might have defied the friends of freedom. He would see the possessors of the citadel foolishly leave it and bend all their efforts to destroy it. And when the strife was over he would see a new Constitution dedicated to freedom. And, lastly, I would try to make him understand that the mighty force working its way

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through these tremendous events is the spirit of man determined to be free, the conception of human rights embodied in the Declaration of Independence; that the real struggle throughout had been a struggle between the Declaration and the old Constitution,— between the live spirit of man and the dead weight of institutions that did not give it room; and that the same mighty force is still at work, remolding the laws and institutions of our own time. Thus there would be three chapters.

No higher praise could be bestowed on Dartmouth than to say that the story of that first chapter might be told in the biography of her greatest alumnus, her Olympian son, in whose hall we are gathered now. But the story of the second chapter could be told in the biography of another of her sons, Thaddeus Stevens. Webster's devotion to his College, his work in saving and refounding it, his massive service to the nation in expounding its Constitution and inspiring the coming generation, so that it was said with no less truth than eloquence that his voice was heard "in the deep roar of Union guns from Sumter to Appomattox," his supreme place in your annals as the representative of your culture, your strength, your public zeal, — all these have been celebrated, and there is nothing left for me to say. But with Stevens it is otherwise. Caricature and vilification have followed him in death with a malignity even greater than they showed him in his life. And yet I believe it is capable of demonstration that in his time none of all your sons was more true to your traditions, none wielded a more terrible weapon, or did a more noble and enduring work. I can think of no better use to which this occasion could be put than to paint in clear outline and true color the figure of that giant son. Of course in the time now left me I cannot tell the story of his life. The strokes of the artist must be few and strong. Stevens was born in 1793. He was graduated here in 1814. He practised law in Pennsylvania. When he died, Jeremiah Black declared he had not left his equal at the American bar; and Black was a rival at the bar, a political opponent, sometime Attorney-General of the United States, himself accounted by many the greatest lawyer of his time. Stevens had two periods of service in Congress, but it is the second that concerns us now. All his life he had been the bitterest hater of the slave power. He had lived upon its border, and knew all its darkest traits. He had not expected to come to Washington again: when he had retired a few years earlier, he had delivered his valedictory; and now as he reappeared he sadly confessed the consciousness of failing powers. It was December, 1859, and Stevens was on the verge of three score years and ten. Age had bent his frame, deformity had crippled his gait; suffering had blanched his cheek; thought and care had ploughed deep into his forehead; strife and passion had left the mark of bitterness and scorn upon his sunk and withered lip. But with the clear vision of a prophet he saw that one of the crises of the world's history was at hand; and denying to himself the comfort and quiet of age he gathered up all the remains of his ancient strength to strike his last and heaviest blow for freedom. Thereafter for nine years he stood forth in that arena the unequalled champion of free prin-

ciples. For the greater part of that time, and up to the very last, he ruled the House of Representatives with a rod of iron, the greatest parliamentary figure, with the possible exception of John Quincy Adams, that ever dominated its debates. Keeping steadily before his eyes, all through the war, the problem of reconstruction that would confront us at its close, he prepared the way, he marshalled his forces, and when the time came poured the lava of the Nation's thrice-heated love of liberty into the enduring molds of its organic, fundamental law. When all deductions have been made, the candid historian of the future will be compelled to say, that his was the hand, his the indomitable will, his the uncompromising zeal for the Declaration of Independence, that, more than any other single man's, harvested the fruit of those bloody years and made the Declaration and the Constitution one. Democrat of democrats, he enjoined it upon his executors that he should not be buried in any ground from which the meanest of his fellow men should be excluded; and so he sleeps today in an obscure graveyard in western Pennsylvania, among the children of the despised race which he had given all his dying strength to lift to the fair level of equal and impartial law. I ask you now, if that was not the work of a true Dartmouth man?

Proud as we are of Webster, and highly as we must always rate the work he did, we cannot deny that the Union of his day was almost completely in the hands of the slave power; and the only blemish upon his fame was his failure to rise to the height of his opportunity, especially on the Seventh of March, 1850, and become the trumpet at the lips of a free North. As Whittier mourned long after in "The Lost Occasion,"

> "He should have lived to feel below
> His feet Disunion's fierce upthrow,
>
> The late-sprung mine that underlaid
> His sad concessions, vainly made.
>
> He should have seen from Sumter's wall
> The star-flag of the Union fall
>
> And armed rebellion pressing on
> The broken ranks of Washington.
>
> No stronger voice than his had then
> Called out the utmost might of men
>
> To make the Union's charter free
> And strengthen law by liberty."

But if *he* could not be here for that great service, the Nation was not without the needed son, nor yet was Dartmouth.

Shall they ever, ever want such sons to lead them? Has there ever been a time when the need was more than now? Who shall meet the problems that confront us here upon the threshold of the coming age? For we now stand face to face with a new riddle of the Sphinx. You all know the old Greek story that relates how a strange monster, having the body of a lion, the wings of a great bird, and the

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Address by Justice Stafford

head of a woman, sat beside the road that ran to the City of Thebes, and everyone who passed that way was accosted with her riddle. If he gave the wrong answer he must die. If he gave the right answer, she herself would perish and the people would be free. The condition that confronts us now is such a Sphinx. The question it propounds is one that *we* must answer if free government is to survive. That question is, How are the masses of men and women who labor with their hands to be secured out of the products of their toil what they will feel to be and will be in fact a fair return? Until we can answer that question we shall have no peace; and if we fail to answer it, we shall have a revolution. The question is not one that faces America alone: it faces Britain; it faces France; it faces Italy; it has torn Russia into pieces. The Sphinx sits by the road that every modern nation has to pass. Shall we despair? In the old story a man appeared one day who solved the riddle. Thebes offered him her throne if he could answer the question, and he answered it. The Sphinx was destroyed and Edipus became King. Let us hope that our own country may be the one to find the true solution of the riddle, and thereby bring safety and freedom to the people of all lands. If that shall be the fortunate result the parallel will be complete; for America will take her seat upon the throne of power, not to rule the world in the ordinary ways of political control, but by the might of truth and the influence of her example. The riddle the old Sphinx proposed was this: What creature is it that goes on four feet in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening? The answer was: Man. In the morning he creeps. At noon he walks upright on two strong feet. In the evening he limps along with cane or staff. "Man! Man!" cried Edipus; and the Sphinx was slain. So now, whatever the formula may prove to be, the answer is still, man, — the dignity, the honesty, the intelligence of man. Our safety can only be found in a policy that treats all men as brothers, all equally entitled to the fruits of their labor, all equally entitled to raise themselves as high as possible, each in his own place, without doing wrong to any of the rest. It is the spirit of justice and fraternity that must be our guide. And where are we to look for leadership if not in institutions such as this,— especially in this, whose just and democratic spirit is its most distinctive sign, the very hallmark by which it is and always has been known.

Strong-hearted Mother of the North,
  Counting thy many-colored years,
And holding not the least in worth
  Those that were cast in want and fears,—

Great Mother, thou art still the same,
  Whether in rags or purple drest,—
Today as when thine eaglets came
  To thy dark pines as to their nest.

We bid not *thee* to look abroad —
  Thine eyes have never sought the ground —
But us — oh, let our feet be shod
  Where *thy* thought flieth to be found!

Give *us* thy vision, us thy strength,
To spread the truth which makes men free
And dying leave a land at length
Worthy, O mighty heart, of thee!

ADDRESS: WHAT MUST THE COLLEGES DO?

By MARION LE ROY BURTON, PH. D., LL. D., D. D.

PRESIDENT BURTON. Mr. President and fellow citizens: America has always believed in education. Before the war there was ample evidence that Americans had great confidence in institutions of higher learning. The large sums of money provided by private gifts and by legislative appropriations were concrete proof that this country was fully aware of the value of higher training. Since the war it is perfectly evident that America has a passion for education. The unprecedented enrollment of students this fall in colleges and universities may be attributed to the war. Multitudes of men have seen in the army that opportunities for leadership frequently go to the trained man. The people as a whole have observed that education and democracy are inseparable. Along with this splendid new passion for education has come a tendency on the part of large numbers of discriminating people to scrutinize with care, and in some cases to criticize with severity, the aims, methods, and results of our entire educational system.

We should lack in candor if we did not recognize frankly the present situation of the liberal arts college. In various sections of the country the Junior College plan is being promoted and is developing with considerable rapidity. It fosters the tendency for a boy to remain at home for the first two years of his college work and then to go directly to his professional training. This plan, in a comprehensive system of state education, aims to relieve the large state universities of the serious overcrowding of the freshman and sophomore years. Closely connected with this proposal is the demand for a complete reorganization and regrouping of the units of our educational system. Beyond, or within, these considerations is the whole problem of the economy of time in education calling for the elimination of two years in the primary grades, one year in high school, and such a readjustment of preprofessional training that a student may reach at an earlier age the specific field of study which is to prepare him for his life work. Without doubt the heart of the issue concerns the student's attitude to his work. The boy in the liberal arts college is accused of "general aimlessness." He suffers by comparison with the professional or technical student whose definite aim gives a seriousness and earnestness to his work. Through all of these considerations runs the vague but certain assumption that this new day demands something new of the college. All of these factors combine to produce a total situation which leads many seriously to consider the future of the college of liberal arts. It seems, therefore, eminently fitting and appropriate at the exercises celebrating the sesqui-centennial of one of America's great colleges to discuss again the functions of the college of liberal arts.

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Address by President Burton

Certain preliminary observations may be made at this juncture. The traditional answers to our question will not suffice. The colleges must teach and must foster investigation, but the present situation will not be met by the mere reiteration of those formulae. On the other hand, the colleges have stood for too much truth in the past now to be destroyed or even to experience a complete metamorphosis. No disagreement need arise in regard to the primary importance of research. The differences in this respect between a college and a university must not be overlooked. But even so, it may be said with some show of wisdom that no man can be a virile and stimulating teacher *over a long period of years* unless he is thoroughly at home in his field and giving occasional evidence of his eagerness and ability to make some contribution to the world's mastery of that field. So with no undue straining after something new, but with a profound conviction that the present situation demands a new *emphasis* upon certain phases of college work, we set out to suggest an answer to the question, "What Must the Colleges Do?"

I.

The college must place a new, strong emphasis upon the old-fashioned demand for accuracy. The facts involved here are so familiar and so obvious that they need not be set forth in detail. Speaking historically, we have been a race of pioneers. From the beginning we have done the best we could. No one has pretended that we were doing as well as we should like. It takes time to develop a substantial, enduring civilization. It is frequently charged that superficiality is an American vice and no one thinks of denying the accusation. The inevitable results appear in everything that we try to do. In art, in architecture, in literature, and in education it is possible to find ample evidence to sustain this point of view. Temperamentally we are not well equipped for patient work. We are in such a hurry that we haven't time to recognize its evil effects. The complexity of our life is increasingly astounding. We rarely settle down with the single aim to do a job the way it should be done. These tendencies have affected our standards. Our aim is to turn off a task. Our ambition is to see how quickly a thing can be done. It sometimes seems that our chief thought is centered not about doing something but merely appearing to do it. In many of our common activities, notably in politics, we have developed persons who are masters in passing responsibilities to others. It is not surprising that these tendencies and qualities have manifested themselves in American education. Our educational institutions inevitably reflect the spirit of our civilization. A decade ago, the attack upon our colleges was bitter. In many respects the accusations were entirely justified. America's hurry and superficiality found one form of expression in the typical undergraduate who had little concern for the real work of the college. On the other hand, we have a right to expect that some of the best products of American colleges would appear among the Rhodes scholars. There are many qualifications to such a statement and many extenuating circumstances which might be cited, but the Rhodes scholars of the last ten years

have certainly been above the average of the men produced by our entire educational system. It is interesting, therefore, to know how these men have impressed their Oxford tutors. In general, Oxford has recognized generously and sympathetically the good qualities of the American scholar. But his educational equipment has not been eulogized. Among large numbers of published statements one finds such expressions as these: "They seem very deficient in scholarship in a wide sense." "They seldom or never settle down to a long spell of thorough work." "They have been taught nothing very precisely." "They seem to lack accuracy and (as a rule) the power of hard grind." These are serious and severe indictments not only of a few Rhodes scholars but of American educational standards as a whole.

Fortunately, the war has established a whole set of new facts. America has emerged from the conflict with a new sense of thoroughness. We have seen our waste and extravagance in their true light. We learned, under necessity, how to bring to bear all our resources upon a common problem. Almost over night, we discovered how we could do something when we really wanted it done. The mobilization of our financial and industrial strength was magnificent. We did the job thoroughly. The war itself has produced excellent results in the students. While many of the men are physically restless, and while regular courses have been interrupted and normal procedure in their educational careers disrupted, they come back with a new spirit. Many of the specific duties of army life have intensified the demand for real accuracy. They actually see now why accuracy is a prerequisite of all worthy effort. Perhaps nothing could have engendered this new point of view except the frightful necessities of war. These men are more mature than any students we have known. They have been face to face with the sternest realities of life. They understand now what the world expects of them. Even before the war a new sense of intellectual seriousness was developing in the colleges. Running all through our national life is a new emphatic note of obligation. The colleges must seize this occasion to drive home in a new day the old demand for accuracy.

It may be valuable here to look more carefully at this quality. It obviously is derived from *ad* and *curare*, and therefore connotes carefulness, preciseness, exactness and definiteness. Speaking negatively, it calls for the absence of defects, the elimination of mistakes and freedom from errors. From the positive point of view it calls for exact conformity to a standard or to truth. It inevitably requires delicacy, nicety, precision and fineness of thought and action. There is something about it which insists upon the quality of "rigor and vigor." Practically it demands of the student that he make some definite and final choices out of the superabundance of riches which college life hurls at him. It says that not by a haphazard, ill-considered jumbling of all of the elements of undergraduate life, but by concentrating completely upon a few of them, will he save his soul. It suggests to him that he settle down to the job in hand. It hints at patience and thorough-going effort. It proclaims the stern doctrine that there is high value in hard work. It is the old-

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fashioned, insistent demand lying back of all worthy effort in any field. The colleges of liberal arts have said much about culture. It may be valuable to insist here that accuracy and culture are inseparable. Professor John Dewey spoke wisely when he said that "there is perhaps no better definition of culture than that it is the capacity for constantly expanding in range and accuracy one's perception of meanings."

But how shall the colleges perform this function? It is at this point that serious disagreement will arise. Some will insist that the demand for accuracy is only another way of advocating a renaissance of classical study. Others will find here a defense of mathematics and scientific subjects. No doubt there are large elements of truth in these contentions. The outstanding fact, however, which we must not fail to recognize, is that accuracy does not depend upon the specific content of this or that course of study. It is not, I take it, primarily a question of curricula or their organization with which we are dealing. It is rigid discipline in all subjects that we must have. The duty of the liberal arts college is to "cultivate the fundamentals." No one can pretend to have sufficient wisdom to anticipate the specific issues of the day in which the present generation of students will do its work. Therefore the prime consideration is not the pursuing of this or that subject, but the acquiring of a highly sharpened tool which will cut its way straight through the twisted materials of a rudely shaken social order. If the colleges can send out men who will instinctively demand the facts, and who will constantly insist upon wise and timely legislation in keeping with those facts, their service to the country will be quickly recognized and highly appraised. The colleges of liberal arts will have a right to exist if they produce a generation of citizens trained to work thoroughly and patiently and to think cogently and accurately.

II.

The college must stimulate and awaken its students. Any careful student of American education recognizes that a very significant change is coming over some of our institutions of higher learning. A decade ago, the first consideration was research. The teacher was quietly disregarded for the man who could "produce." Today the teacher is coming into his own. This tendency does not mean that investigation has fallen or is to fall into disrepute. Research will always be of primary importance to a true university. But it does mean that colleges are frankly recognizing their obvious obligations to students.

The assertion that colleges must awaken their students will arouse the concern, if not the opposition, of three groups of people. The technician desires to emphasize the acquisition of some particular skill or dexterity. Surely there need be no essential disagreement at this point. The advocate of vocational education or the defender of professional training seems to surpass others in stimulating his students. The investigator insists that contributions to knowledge are his first, if not his only, concern. Again there is no possible incompatibility between the two points of view. There are some, however, who, conceding their good taste, look

down with disdain upon "inspiration." They are highly to be commended, if by inspiration they mean mere excitement, shallow emotionalism, or flitting enthusiasm. They are utterly mistaken if inspiration means the awakening of a human being to some appreciation and realization of the meaning of life.

The demand that our colleges awaken their students is grounded in some very serious facts. The externality, mechanism, and formalism of American education are notorious. Consider for a moment our prevailing methods for admission. Think how we have counted units, hours and minutes! If a boy has had fifteen units he has been admitted and if he has had fourteen we have said that he is not "college material." The rapidly changing plans for entrance are clear indications that we have revolted against some of the methods prevailing in the past. Our systems of examinations within colleges are scarcely intended to encourage the habit of becoming thoroughly at home in any given field of knowledge. A student at the end of the first semester takes a set of examinations and, if he passes, the grades are piled away like so much wood that has been sawed. He repeats the process eight times and we call him "educated." The multiplicity of rules, regulations and statutes produce a wholesome effect upon the freshmen, if bewilderment is good for the soul of a new matriculant. The spirit of the average class-room is rarely intended to arouse students to new levels of thought and action. Doubtless if Henry Adams were teaching in any first-class American college today, he would say just what he did of his students at Harvard College: "All were respectable, and in seven years of contact, Adams never had cause to complain of one; but nine minds in ten take polish passively like a hard surface; only the tenth sensibly reacts."

We need not, however, rest the case here. This generation of students faces prodigious tasks not only of national but world-wide proportions. Mr. Frank Vanderlip's book entitled "What Happened to Europe" suggests the magnitude of the gigantic work that must be done. Huge war debts, the demoralization of transportation, the disruption of industrial processes, the disorganization of life as a whole, have created a world situation which calls for all of the skill and ability which America can produce. Back of these considerations is the fascinating, challenging fact that the present generation of students has almost unlimited potentialities for coping with these momentous tasks. These potentialities must be utilized. The colleges simply must awaken their students to new conprehensions of the possibilities just ahead. The achievements of our armies in this war substantiate the assertion that marvelous capacities lie dormant in American youth awaiting only the stimulus of a great cause and a great occasion.

The Century Dictionary says that "stimulate" means to "animate to action or more vigorous exertion by some effective motive." Surely the motive exists. Physicians sometimes speak of "stimulating baths." The colleges must surround the student with a quickening, thrilling environment. It can only be done by the contact of spirit with spirit. The world still responds to the quickening touch of a great soul.

If the colleges are to stimulate their students, certain requirements must be

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met. First of all, boards of trustees and college administrations must place a higher evaluation upon the art of teaching. Concretely, the salaries of professors must be advanced at once to the point where mere self-respect is possible. And *then* we must have teachers who teach. That is to say, we must have persons who actually proceed upon the hypothesis that the thing which counts in the class-room is not the amount of material which is presented but the actual, positive awakening of a human being to some faint understanding of the responsibility of being alive. Let us hope that then we may have students who study. That is to say, young men who without losing the respect of their colleagues can show actual concern for their understanding of truth and their interpretation of life.

The plea we make is for the simple recognition of the commonly accepted truths of educational psychology. In his work entitled "Education and Democracy" (Page 46) Professor John Dewey has expressed it this way. "That education is not an affair of 'telling and being told' but an active constructive process, is a principle almost as generally violated in practice as it is conceded in theory." By some method the college of liberal arts must stab its students broad awake. The present hour will tolerate no other result. Emerson preached the same idea most eloquently. He insisted that "the one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to, this every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed, and as yet unborn." Here is the tragedy of education. Henry Adams knew full well that only one mind in ten sensibly reacts to the presentation of truth. It is the fascinating, divine task of the college of liberal arts to remove the obstructions and to demolish the obstacles which stand in the way of every man possessing an active soul. As Carlyle would say, "in one way or the other it will have to be done." We shall have to pull down the brute god, Mammon, and put a spirit God in his place!

III.

Again, the colleges must reckon seriously with the present. The student must be made to live in the new day. Students have acquired accuracy and their spirits have been thoroughly aroused by the study of Sanskrit. These results are obtainable by the use of many disciplines dealing with the past. Mankind, however, has just emerged from the most direful cataclysm it has ever experienced. The country will demand of the colleges, and rightly so, that the students be thoroughly at home in their own day.

By some method, the college man must come to understand the great movements of the present day. The war has placed great burdens upon mankind everywhere. Marvelous new forces have been liberated. Strange and mysterious movements have been inaugurated. Great outstanding issues must be met, and extremely intricate and complicated problems must be solved. The facts are not at hand. Moreover, the facts, particularly in all the social sciences, are not dead, rigid, static things which can be tabulated. They never congeal. The situation tomorrow will be different than it is today. Consequently students cannot be sent forth with

ready-made opinions. They must, however, become aware of our situation and feel at home in dealing with these gigantic questions. They can acquire a background upon which sound and substantial judgments can be formed as the facts develop and the tendencies of their day become discernible.

For example, every discriminating citizen for decades to come must have some real knowledge of international law and the whole field of international relationships. The ratification of the peace treaty, while important, will only mark the beginning of a new era in world relationship which will call constantly for wise and statesmanlike action. Or again, the whole problem of our industrial relationships must be worked out in the years just ahead. The great questions of "representation in industry," of collective bargaining, and the rights of the public will demand the most patient and careful reasoning. Mr. Albert Mansbridge, writing in *The Atlantic* for August, solemnly asserts that "no community can afford to let the powerful forces of education and labor develop otherwise than in conscious co-operation." Every citizen must understand the labor movement. Beyond these highly important subjects lies the crucial question of the hour. All about us are groups who insist that the ballot-box is too slow in producing results, and that we shall never achieve social progress by the regular constituted agencies of the government. Therefore, they appeal to the direct method of violence, revolution and destruction. The issue now is quite similar to the one which Abraham Lincoln faced in 1861, only it is upon a far wider scale and more subtle and insidious in its operations. Mr. Lincoln raised seriously the question whether all republican forms of government have this inherent weakness: Must they be too strong for the liberties of their people or too weak to maintain their own existence? That certain groups believe the first and hope for the second cannot be questioned. College men of today should be compelled to think clearly and decisively upon this paramount issue. Unless democracy can insist upon an unqualified, unconquerable respect for law and order, then only disaster is ahead.

Doubtless there will be little difference of opinion concerning the end to be attained but there will be serious disagreement as to the methods to be employed in seeking that end. It goes without saying, that we must be prepared in our colleges of liberal arts to offer excellent and thorough training in all the social sciences. If a man gets a thorough grounding in history and some real understanding of political economy, political science, and sociology, he will surely be ready in a measure to cope with the main movements of his day. Likewise, modern languages will be increasingly essential for the man who is to acquire a real understanding of world tendencies.

The vital necessity, however, is an atmosphere of cogent discussion. Every class-room must be a place where mind meets mind, where there is little, if any, appeal to external authority, and where there is much devotion to clear sequacious thinking. A real college will be a place where members of the faculty and students, with mutual respect for each other's opinions, will associate in perfectly natural

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and normal ways and exchange views upon the developing life of the world. Perhaps the highest test which a college has to meet, is whether its students actually discuss among themselves their serious intellectual interests. If an atmosphere could prevail where a student could retain the respect of his colleagues and still raise with them in groups, large or small, his intellectual difficulties, then our problem would be largely solved. Every college should have a public forum, where the vital issues of the day are faced with frankness and candor. To achieve recognition here should be the highest distinction open to a student. By some such method, and under the guidance of some such motive, unlimited possibilities for greater effectiveness in college training lie before us. However it is done, we must have students who understand their own day. The facts are so elusive, the conditions are so fluctuating, and the ramifications of our problems are so extensive, that prolonged, careful thought is absolutely essential. Students must acquire a habit of mind which will serve them faithfully in the actual conflicts of the world. Such mental equipment Bacon must have had in mind when he said: "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

IV.

The colleges must inculcate integrity. This is a strange utterance. It involves no accusation of the colleges and is not intended to establish the inference that dishonesty has characterized our work. Nor is it intended to contradict the Socratic doctrine that knowledge is virtue. No doubt, any one who really understands life is a man of integrity. At any rate this seemed to be true until the war revealed to us the real motives and character of the representatives of the Imperial German Government. Prior to that time we may have believed that there was no such thing as an "educated villain"! Now we face a situation which tests the consistency of our thought. Emerson was entirely correct in reminding us that "consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." However we may state the matter in terms of logic or philosophy, our colleges must be places where men are marked by plain honesty and sheer integrity.

The world situation today accentuates if it does not originate this demand. The war destroyed confidence everywhere. Mutual understanding and good-will between all groups within our country and between all nations is the primary need of the hour. But confidence can be established only on the basis of character and integrity. A very serious situation for the colleges arises out of the fact that all the world knows the part German education played in fashioning German ideals and motives. All mankind disapproves morally and spiritually of Germany. Our people trace the causes directly to a false educational system. It is not surprising, therefore, that our country is watching with considerable care, if not suspicion, the actual operation of our entire educational system. The unescapable lesson of the war is that Germany lacked in integrity — plain, sheer uprightness. The duplicity and mendacity of her diplomatic representatives combined with her repeated

efforts to eliminate all ethical considerations from international relationships, sustain this statement beyond all danger of successful contradiction. At the present moment, all nations and all mankind trust America. Just so, America must be able to trust her colleges and her educational system as a whole.

Our institutions of higher learning, therefore, must be synonyms for integrity. It is just here that Dartmouth College may legitimately emphasize the tremendous value of its religious foundation. Today as never before the college of liberal arts must stand for absolute, unqualified devotion to the truth. In all of the complicated relationships of a new day when vital issues are at stake, all groups and all interests must understand that the colleges will teach the truth regardless of the consequences to their endowments, their enrollments and their equipments. No man must be permitted to suggest that a muzzle be put on a college professor so long as he lives in keeping with the normally accepted moral standards of the community and is a loyal defender of the constitution and government of the United States. In spite of the effects upon himself, his job, his family and his future, the true professor, in sheer self-respect, must know that he can teach the truth as he sees it.

The whole institution must be saturated with this spirit and point of view. Honest work must be done in every class-room by every student. There should prevail everywhere the general, unquestioned assumption that every person instinctively maintains a standard which requires the finest type of honesty in every collegiate relationship.

The extremely difficult and highly significant phase of this truth, however, is not only that the college should be honest but should be accepted and recognized as honest by the people. Therefore, we must avoid all appearance of evil. We must keep our hands clean. There must be no smell of smoke on our garments. We must be able to put into the world men who will instinctively and incessantly oppose all forms of social evil and who will co-operate with every good movement looking to the welfare of the people as a whole. It will not always produce agreeable results. Righteousness occasions much discomfort for large groups of people. The trained citizen of tomorrow will actively oppose the business man who profiteers, the laboring man who shirks, the politician who sets private gain above public weal, the citizen who selfishly enjoys the blessings of democracy without meeting its demands, and the man of means who fails to accept his wealth as a social trust. He will recognize that truth knows no time distinctions, that policies and principles are not true or false because they are old or new. Therefore, he will attack both the radical who forgets the wisdom of the past and dreams of an impossible future, and the conservative who idealizes the past and neglects the plain duties of the present.

These are critical days for the college of liberal arts. Obviously there is more need for it today than ever before. It simply must function mightily in the midst of marvelously fascinating conditions. Its future is secure if, even in a measure,

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial

The Exercises in Webster Hall

Outside Webster Hall

After the Exercises

The Alumni Line

Heading the Undergraduates

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it can train students to work thoroughly and to think accurately, if it can awaken men to some realizing sense of the meaning and glory of being alive, if it can enable students to know their own day, and above all if it can make them men of integrity.

These are not new duties. They are the old demands accentuated by the needs of a new day.

EPILOGUE: DARTMOUTH COLLEGE—AN ATTEMPT AT FORMAL INTERPRETATION

By PRESIDENT ERNEST MARTIN HOPKINS

PRESIDENT HOPKINS. This anniversary, in celebration of the sesqui-centennial of the founding of Dartmouth College, has been held to be essentially a time for definition of purpose, rather than an occasion for self-glorification or even a time for introspective study of the past. Under such conception, in the main it is meet that we discuss policies rather than persons, principles rather than details, opportunities rather than accomplishments.

Dartmouth's men need no encomium at this time. The historic record of the College stands and can neither much be added to nor subtracted from by words spoken in such a ceremony as this. The desirable thing is, with the inspiration of the past, that attention be focused upon the obligations of the future which spread broad before us and widen as they disappear in the far distance of the mental horizon.

If the fathers were to speak to us today we may be sure how positive, in the exigencies of the present, would be their injunctions to scan the future, however much we should review the past. We may indeed assume what would be the disposition of that great heart whose motto for the College was the motto he strove so steadily to exemplify in his own life, "Vox Clamantis In Deserto."

It has been in the thought of those who devised this program, therefore, that amid the general addresses and discussions of this day there should be a brief *credo*, specifically in behalf of Dartmouth College, suggesting the belief and conviction with which this College approaches the responsibilities of the times upon which the world is now entering. To me has been assigned this task, which I approach in behalf of my associates and attempt for myself with solemn desire that the interpretation may be a true one.

The whole spirit of the foundation of Dartmouth College, even when interpreted through the context of modern conditions, is a challenge to develop original thought and to do intelligent pioneer work; to ignore convention if it becomes restrictive and to avoid standardization if it becomes entangling.

To such a challenge there can be but one answer and it is our longing that we may completely meet the terms of the challenge, safeguarding meanwhile that however we may work differently, we still may never work in ignorance of what

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others do or without respect for it. Indeed, as much as anything else, we crave the spirit of generous appreciation of other types of education and of other institutions of the college world in the processes they utilize and the results they secure. We hope, likewise, that we may do nothing simply for the sake of being different, that we may disregard no method of proved effectiveness that may be applicable to our work.

I emphasize this point of possible differences because I think that I speak for the thoughtful men of Dartmouth's trustees and faculty and alumni when I say that we are not at all certain that ours is not a responsibility separate and apart from that which in general appertains to the American college. Perhaps, as well, it is true that we are not greatly concerned whether it is so or not. I simply pause in this open forum to beg the indulgence of our guests if for a moment we more than suggest a conviction that our task is one distinguished by its uniqueness. With such premises, therefore, our conclusion is bound to result that, be our problem what it may, we purpose to seek its solution first in the light of our own experience and of our own reasoning, and only secondly in the light of a comparative study of what has been deemed wise elsewhere.

At the same time, however, it is of course obvious that no self-satisfied independence nor any arrogant pride of authorship could be in conformity with the spirit of a foundation which was as altruistic as it was idealistic, — a foundation whose comprehensive object was to be of maximum inspiration to greatly diversified types and conditions of men.

It is to be recognized at this point that the very claim and effort of the College to train for leadership may easily become a perverted purpose, if its interpretation is faulty and if its object is to put the greatest possible distance between the individual and the group, rather than to advance the group the greatest possible distance towards the best leadership. Lives of men in these times daily become more inclusive rather than exclusive. The objective of leadership must be to surround itself with associates rather than to enroll subordinates.

As naturally as water flows down hill, so power tends to flow from the few to the many; and authority swims in the current of power. Thus, now, such assembled rivulets of the past form streams, insistent and unrestrainable except at the expense of destroying floods. The problem of education becomes to train men for constructing channels in which mighty currents may flow rather than in devising barriers in fruitless attempt to obstruct swollen streams.

The function of the privately endowed, traditional college may conceivably be a far different function from that of the modern, publicly supported, state college. The function of the historic college, existent as an individual unit, is certainly distinct from that of the college which is maintained as the undergraduate department and feeder for the university. Moreover, it is not to be disregarded that the opportunity of the college isolated from the turmoil of contacts with industrialism in commercial centers, or separated from the problems of congestion in urban groups, may be quite different from that of institutions of such environments.

I do not mean by this to argue that Dartmouth's type, or any specific type, is best for all men or for the majority of men; but I definitely do mean to raise the question whether it might not be well that the selective processes for admission to the respective kinds of colleges, variously conditioned and variously located, should be better devised for defining the characteristics of those who are likely to be most benefited by contact with the respective attributes of the different kinds of colleges.

It not infrequently seems to me, as I consider processes common to us all, that the procedures of college education are more concerned with an attempt to establish the fact that certain methods and devices are an education than that an education comprises certain definite and essential things. Likewise, it sometimes seems to me that the ways in which things shall be done loom so important in the minds of all of us that there can be only with greatest difficulty any commensurate interest in what the achievement shall be, in other words, that the delicacy and polish of the machinery is given more attention than the product.

Yet, on the other hand, I am quite clear in my conviction that whatever be true of the spirit of the graduate school or that of the university, the first obligation, though not the only one, of the undergraduate college is as markedly as possible to level up the mass of the selected group which it accepts, rather than to give sole consideration to a refined process of distillation, by which a small modicum of ultra-excellence shall be produced, at the cost of vital effort and wasted time for the great majority. I should not wish to have to apologize for a theory of procedure by which any considerable numbers of men which the College accepted through its selective processes should find the advantages of the College inaccessible to them. If I am right in this interpretation, it means simply a policy of the greatest good to the greatest number and a technique of operation which shall assure this. Moreover, by such a policy, in my belief, the inspiration for highest excellence of intellectual accomplishment in the few is as definitely furnished as in any other way.

The College, therefore, cannot do without requirements and disciplinary processes to secure its desirable results. But it is exactly at this point that it has to be particularly solicitous that prescribed procedure, when it becomes non-essential, shall not be allowed to stand merely for the sake of maintaining the glory of the prescription; that nothing shall be done simply for the sake of doing it, without some desirable end in view.

I believe that the first and the paramount obligation of Dartmouth College is to develop the minds of its men, to expand the mental capacity of the individual man by its training and to enlarge the area within which the individual mind shall be expected to work by the breadth and the comprehensiveness of the subject matter of its curriculum. But I believe no less strongly that this is not the whole obligation. The function of the College is not primarily to develop intellectualism but intelligent men, and this purpose is not observed if consideration is given only to the mind, while the soul and the body are left to the whims of chance. Mental processes of high voltage, in operation apart from the directive guidance of fundamental char-

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acter derived from moral fibre, may give on the one hand, in the words of the report of the English Labor Party, "light without warmth," while on the other hand, they may become simply irresponsible distributors of new refinements of destructive genius.

The College must, as well, preclude all that makes for impairment of physical well-being and must encourage all that makes for health. In short, while conceding and accepting the magnitude of its obligation to develop mentality of strength and accuracy, the College must, as essential corollaries of this, safeguard the physical and moral standards of collective living and offer individual inspiration for the development of spiritual excellence.

I believe that in its nature the College partakes alike of the characteristics of the preparatory school and of the graduate school and that neither phase can be ignored without detriment to the work of the College. At this point we come squarely up to the question of what should be the qualifications and attributes of a member of the instruction force in the College. And herein I believe that the American college has suffered injury untold by accepting standards from the graduate schools which, in turn, were accepted from abroad and which had little application to the problem faced by the American college whatever their value elsewhere. I know of nothing more unreasonable nor of anything more deleterious to the self-respect of the American college than that so many men of ample training and of broad learning, with real enthusiasm for contributing to undergraduates not only of their knowledge but of their zest for life should, on the one hand, lack the complete respect of their associates or, on the other hand, be deprived of the satisfactions of reputation because of the great delusion which has pervaded the college world, to its loss, that a record of research only, if of sufficient profundity, more than compensated either for incomplete manhood or for incapacity or indisposition to recognize the real purposes of the American college. I believe that the time has come when we should free ourselves from the cant and sophistries that still pervade college circles on such points as these. We should be at least as watchfully solicitous to avoid the evils of professionalization in our college instruction as we are in our college athletics! Research is important, yes; production is important, yes; teaching ability is important, most emphatically yes. But, if it be conceded that all three are not indispensable in the individual, let us be honest enough to acknowledge that teaching ability is not first to be sacrificed.

Personally, my opinion would be that teaching ability is essential in all men who are to be permitted to meet undergraduate classes; and that the fact should be faced squarely that if men who lack proper respect for the service of teaching and fail to understand the glory of its service are to be associated with the institution, then they should be withheld from contacts, the opportunities of which they fail to grasp, and their work should be applied at points where it can be most productive. I would not be understood as arguing for the elimination of desire for opportunities for research from the teacher's mind, for I recognize the inspirational value of such

work to teaching. The emphasis, however, belongs on the teaching. There is need of considerably more frankness as well as honesty in the colleges in facing this problem than has sometimes existed. It may well be that university men of maturer age and keener eagerness can secure essential benefit from surveying and absorbing the excellence of scholarship of a distinguished group which composes a faculty whose interest is only incidentally in transmitting the knowledge it possesses. In a college, however, the transmissive quality must be reckoned of high value, it being required, of course, that scholarship shall be true and thorough in what is to be transmitted. And further, I would not hesitate to add that the more completely these qualities are embodied in men of physical stamina and in men of spiritual worth, the more complete the assurance with which the college can undertake its work.

I hold it true beyond the possibility of cavil that the criterion of the strength of a college is essentially the strength of its faculty. If the faculty is strong, the college is strong; if the faculty is weak, the college is weak. Plant, material equipment, financial resources, administrative methods, trustee organization, alumni enthusiasm and loyalty, are but accessory to the getting and holding of strength at this point, — none of them insignificant in importance, but all of them subordinate. To the extent that any of these is a contributing factor to increased strength in the instruction corps, to that extent it is of major importance. All else is of less consequence.

Finally, the historic colleges of this country are products of religious impulse and in so far as they glory in their birthrights they must glory in this. This impulse expresses itself in different forms in different periods and has tended steadily from the beginning of the Middle Ages to evolve from exemplification in a setting itself apart in adoration to a co-operation in service. The acceptance of the implication of the fact that holiness and wholeness are from the same root has been instinctive, if not conscious, with the result that asceticism as an ideal has given way to responsible naturalness.

It would be an affectation for us to define the purpose of Dartmouth College in the pious phrases of the eighteenth century, but it would be an unforgivable omission to ignore the present day equivalents of the motives which actuated Eleazar Wheelock in his unceasing efforts to establish this foundation. The founder's altruistic purpose of converting the heathen savage to the glory of God becomes in modern parlance a desire to convert society to the welfare of man. Either purpose requires the highest idealism, and the highest idealism is the purest religion, the symbol of which is God and the manifestation of which is the spirit of Christ.

May this ever be the spirit of Dartmouth College!

Then followed the singing of Milton's Paraphrase of Psalm CXXXVI.

The Formal Exercises

Benediction by the Chaplain

BENEDICTION

By THE REVEREND WILLIAM HAMILTON WOOD, PH. D., B. D.

UNTO Thee, O Lord, Supreme Ruler of the Universe, be all honor and glory. May the grace of the Divine Presence be continually manifest in the history of this College; may Thy wisdom, O God, strengthen its wisdom, and may Thy presence and Thy guiding influence be with us in the future as in the past. Amen.

Thus closed the exercises, the academic procession then passing out of the hall.

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial

Campus Views on the Anniversary Day

Scenes from the Sesqui-Centennial Final Exercises on the Campus

The Flight of the Toy Balloons

Noon Luncheon on the Campus

Further Campus Views

DARTMOUTH SESQUI-CENTENNIAL DINNER

The Anniversary Dinner

William Tabor Abbott, of the Class of 1890, President of the General Association of Alumni, presided.

Prayer by President Marshall

Reverend Benjamin Tinkham Marshall, of the Class of 1897, President of the Connecticut College for Women, opened with prayer.

PRESIDENT MARSHALL. Almighty God, Giver of all bounty and Dispenser of eternal grace, by Whose favor and love and under Whose guiding hand we have come to this hour in these great days, we give Thee thanks for the College, we give Thee thanks for the bread of life which here we have taken and for the waters of life which here we have drunk, giving us strength and power to go on to these present days. We thank Thee for all the history and traditions of the College and for the devotion and patriotism of its sons, which have warmed again our hearts. We bless Thee for the great names in its splendid fellowship and for the right to name ourselves among its sons. We bless Thy name, and now we thank Thee for the fellowship of this hour, the gift of our daily food, the right to toil, the right to play, the right to think, and the glorious joy of following Thee unto the uttermost. Amen.

OPENING ADDRESS *by* WILLIAM TABOR ABBOTT, ESQ.

Chairman William Tabor Abbott, Esq., in calling to order said:

MEN of Dartmouth, and those who are not but ought to be, you have kindly consented to shed the light of your countenance upon us this evening, and we are going to violate some more academic traditions.

The afternoon when I left Chicago I read again the printed proceedings of the inauguration of President Hopkins. I read Mr. Streeter's felicitous remarks on the occasion of the academic dinner following the inauguration. I knew directly that I could not keep that pace. So then I read volume 10 of "Modern Eloquence," seeking for anecdotes, and I found that all of them had been used at least three times.

The end of the Sesqui-Centennial is at hand. At this dinner certain things are absolutely barred. First, on the part of the toastmaster we shall miss two old friends. One is, "We have with us tonight," and so forth. The other is, "The next speaker is a man than whom there is no more." We shall also miss on the part of the speakers that story of Daniel in the lions' den, describing the beatific expression on Daniel's face because, if there was to be any after-dinner speaking on the occasion, he was not going to do it. Also, there will not be anything in the line of senatorial courtesy, notwithstanding the presence in our midst of the Senate's favorite speaker from New Hampshire.

Any speaker who fails to stop at the time indicated by the toastmaster will find it absolutely useless to clamor, "Is there anybody who will yield his time to the speaker?" because the answer will be, in the language of Bert Williams' song:

The Anniversary Dinner

Address by the Toastmaster

"When I was in that railroad wreck
And thought I cashed in my last check,
Who pulled the engine off my neck?
Nobody, not a soul!"

When the future alumni of Dartmouth College read side by side the stories of the Centennial and the Sesqui-Centennial, there will be some interesting parallels and some even more interesting contrasts. We read in Dr. Lord's history that in the morning exercises of the Centennial celebration, which were then held in a tent instead of in beautiful Webster Hall, J. Pluvius descended. Professor Bartlett told us about it this morning in the colloquial language of the times, which I could comprehend much better than Professor Lord's reference to "J. Pluvius." Professor Lord and I never did understand each other very well, in my day. But there was rain on that day, instead of today, when the Almighty cast his prettiest ray of sunshine on this particularly chosen spot of his footstool.

Another somewhat interesting contrast will be found when the students read about the presiding officers. The President of the Alumni then was the Honorable Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. There is something of irony in the fact that, by the accident of election, which sometimes happens in a republic, there should be called to preside tonight at an academic dinner one who is least academic. In fact, I am ashamed to confess that the irony of this selection goes so far that it took a thesaurus and a Century dictionary to find out what "sesqui" meant!

As a noted man said to us at a little dinner on Saturday night, "When this job came to me I felt as unlettered as the other side of a tombstone," and he went on to remark that shortly after graduation some of the fellows were bragging about their degrees, somebody next to him saying that he had a degree *magna cum laude*, and that he was not going to let him get away with that and said, "I got a degree, too. I got a degree *mirabile dictu!*"

Another parallel between the two occasions is that on each there was a representative from Chicago. I read in Dr. Lord's history that the proceedings at that academic dinner were really academic. Each speaker in turn said how embarrassed he was at having to speak in the presence of so distinguished a gathering. At the psychological moment, long John Wentworth rose on the platform, stretched his six feet ten inches to their full height, looked into that sea of upturned faces and said, "Maybe you think I am embarrassed, but I ain't!" That is what in our crude western phraseology, with which Dr. Burton is gradually becoming acquainted, we refer to as "calling a bluff." Although, as a matter of fact, with teeth chattering and knees knocking together, I feel more like the little girl who was sent away to eat her supper in the corner and who said, muttering to herself, "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee for preparing for me a table in the presence of mine enemies!"

My ideas of the functions of a toastmaster are that he should not trespass upon the time of the speakers, nor should he permit the speakers to encroach upon eternity.

The Anniversary Dinner

Address by the Toastmaster

Seriously, as a part of these opening remarks, I may say that a Dartmouth graduate passes through three stages of service and loyalty to the institution. The first one lasts about three years, while the men he knew are in college. He is a red hot Dartmouth enthusiast all that time. He takes the "Dartmouth" during those three years. Then comes a period of waiting for something, and it just seems as if it never would come. If he is so unfortunate as to choose the practice of law for a profession, he sometimes wishes that he could swap that job for one where he would take moving pictures of a glacier, and in that period he is likely to forget all about Dartmouth College, so that it almost ceases to be a memory. If he thinks of it at all, then, he thinks of that long, long journey on the mixed train on the Passumpsic road and the long walk up the hill afterwards. And, by the way, going back again to the Centennial for a moment, I read that the tent was illuminated that night by headlights furnished by the Passumpsic Railroad; and, so far as I remember, that was the first and last time that the Passumpsic Railroad ever had any illumination for the benefit of Dartmouth or shed any light upon it!

The third stage is when he has arrived, either actually or apparently. At that time, if the arrival is actual, he begins to feel like a has-been; if it is only apparent, he begins to feel like a never-was.

But those are the years of come-back, of loyalty to the College. He turns, lovingly, with longing eyes and a homesick heart, to the old College.

The third stage in my career came when the sympathetic and magnetic President came on the circuit to see us in Chicago. In this Sesqui-Centennial, naturally the felicitations of the day have gone to President Hopkins, and back of that are always the fond memories of Doctor Tucker. But just now I want to call on that courageous gentleman who in quiet modesty but with inflexible determination took up the reins that Doctor Tucker let fall and maintained this great College unflinchingly in the line of progress while the men were training on whom he might in turn bestow his confidence and his pride in Dartmouth. Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in presenting to this audience, Ernest Fox Nichols, Professor of Physics in Yale University, one time President of Dartmouth College.

ADDRESS *by* PROFESSOR ERNEST FOX NICHOLS, SC. D., LL. D.

DR. NICHOLS. Mr. President, colleagues, friends, Mr. Toastmaster, I feel that I should be lacking in candor if I did not say at the outset that the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Dartmouth College is an event of special significance. Dartmouth has been during the day very handsomely felicitated — or facilitated, I heard some one say tonight. We have all seen the College with our own eyes; we have all heard about it. There is, however, one matter upon which I can speak from a personal standpoint. I think it has been very rare indeed that a man who has given his interest to a great enterprise can be so happy as I in his predecessor and in his successor in office.

Dr. Tucker, whom we all know, and whom all who know him love, was a man of

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very rare sagacity and wisdom, a great moral leader, a great administrator, quick and sure in action; and in these last years, in the leisure of his retirement — although that is a leisure which has not been free from bodily weakness and often bodily suffering, — he has brought an enthusiastic intelligence and a moral fervor to the analysis of the greatest and most complicated questions in our social and political life. To him many, many men owe a better understanding of these complications, which he has simplified for us all, reducing them to great principles.

It is not only Dartmouth that owes a debt to Dr. Tucker; it is the Nation, and the Nation's thinkers.

Any one who knows President Hopkins, even a very little, knows that he is courageous, and that he has ideas. In fact, his courage reaches the point where, I think, if he had any more of it, it would be dangerous. Those who know him through slight contact know his enviable personal qualities; those who know him at all well know his breadth, his tolerance, his wisdom, which are of the academic, the philosophic mind. I hope I am not breaking a confidence if I say that I have it on good authority that the trustees feel that the College is safe in his hands!

Somewhere, recently, it seems to me I have heard that some one somewhere said that the experiences of the late war were going to have a far-reaching influence on college education. At least twenty per cent of the men who are within the range of my voice has each one said to himself, "I was that man!" Some have gone so far as to tell us what the educational lessons of the war are and what the changes are to be. I am not going to take that up, because, in my sluggish way of thinking, I have not yet reached a conclusion on that subject. I was told — in fact, I was written to a little while ago along that line — that the general topic which would probably be discussed this evening at this dinner was this: The responsibility and promise of institutions of higher learning for the orderly development of American civilization. Now, Mr. Toastmaster, we have been talking about that all day, and there have been some perfectly splendid things said about it. I heartily wish this dinner had been at seven thirty o'clock this morning instead of tonight. The British railways have been having a difficult time of it lately, what with coal shortage, strikes, and so forth, and it has become practically the unbroken rule that all trains have arrived everywhere late. The other day, by some miracle, an express drew into Birmingham, England, on time, and the guard, in confusion and embarrassment, called the previous station. I wish, Mr. President, that we could have had a previous station in this discussion. There being no main tracks left, I am going off on a short bypath to the subject.

In a democracy like ours, everybody has responsibility for everything. "Responsibility" is the word that took my eye particularly in the wording of this topic, because I felt, with the responsibility accounted for, the promise would take care of itself.

That being the case, the public is responsible for our higher education. It bears an equal responsibility with those of us who administer it. Our colleges in the long run cannot be any better than or in any essential respect different from what the

public wills them to be. They never have been, and to those men who look back on a golden age in education in this country it need only be said that at the time it was not considered a golden age.

A British nobleman advanced in years wrote some time ago to Sir Bernard Partridge, editor of *Punch*, and asked him this question: "Why isn't *Punch* as funny as it used to be?" and Sir Bernard replied, "It never was." In this divided responsibility, I think the public is as yet unconscious of its share or, if not unconscious of its share, it does not quite understand what we are trying to do. A few men out of the public here and there, who have sensed this public responsibility for higher education, have very happily and completely relieved themselves of this responsibility by telling the colleges how bad they were. I do not think we have any faults, real or imaginary, that have not been laid bare.

Furthermore, there have been suggestions. Some of the criticism has been intended to be constructive. My colleagues are a very generous body of men, and are also a very modest body of men, and when they have been accused of incompetence in the light of the product of their work, they have come forward, I think almost too readily, and taken all the blame. They have not only avowed and accepted the truth of the accusations, but they have done worse. They have accused themselves and one another. So that some of the sharpest of the criticism has perhaps come out from what might be called our own midst.

This criticism has been valuable in many ways. A great part of the criticism, where it has aimed to be either logical or constructive, has made two tacit assumptions. Nowhere will you find these assumptions expressly put, but nearly everywhere will you find them implied. The first of these assumptions is that the young men who come to college are perfectly plastic material for the hand of the molder. That assumption is not true, and I am glad of it. The second assumption is that all of these young men who come to college are seeking education. That is not in all cases true, and I am sorry. A good many young men who come to college come seeking general information, but just as soon as the machinery of the educational process is brought to bear upon them they suddenly develop an inertia which amounts almost to an insurmountable obstacle. It is something as if you have had your house wired for lighting, and when you turn on the light, it is dim. You think of your training in physics and you say, "The voltage is low." But if you send for an engineer he will probably measure the voltage and tell you that the voltage is adequate, that any more would prove dangerous, that the reason why you get so little light is because there is too much resistance in the circuit.

The parallel here is, of course, obvious. Our colleges have been criticised because the voltage of enthusiasm in the teaching has not produced more light in the undergraduate, and, based on those two things alone, people observing, in some instances, a dim light have drawn the conclusion that the fault was with the voltage instead of with the resistance.

The thing, I think, which is the point to which we must turn our attention and

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devote our best energy, is to enlighten the public on other sides of our educational problem than the desirability of larger educational endowments. That has been almost exclusively the side of higher education on which the public has received the most enlightenment. I think, in a way, we have been putting the cart before the horse in our appeal to the public, because I think if the public understood adequately what we were aiming at, what we were trying to get, what attitude of mind would be most profitable in a young man who came to college, the matter of funds, which is incidental, would look out for itself.

What the public needs to know, then, really is, what is education? I think the public too often mistakes general information for education. I think the public in its requirement of general education on the part of college graduates has rather made it a burden upon the college in recent years to provide more and more additional courses rather than the old, more disciplinary educational subjects, and the elective system was the open door. If the public could realize, as we realize, that education is not a commodity, that it cannot be bought and sold, because the goods cannot be delivered, there would be a clearer understanding of our problem. We can buy and sell educational opportunities, and that is the extent of our commercial undertaking. If the public could realize that education was something that a man pulled out of himself, rather than something that was laid on him or given to him, the problem would be very much simplified.

Not only does the public not quite understand that education is a pathway of development which has milestones along it but no terminus, but it does not understand that when a young man has been in college he has only just reached the point where he can undertake self education with greater advantage, and that up to that time his progress is more rapid if this process of pulling things out of himself is directed and competently guided.

I believe that the public today is in a more receptive frame of mind to hear from us what we think we are trying to do and why we think it is a good thing to do, and how we are trying to do it, than it has been in many years.

I think the record of the colleges in the war, the record of college administrators — of which we have a brilliant example present — the record of members of college faculties in service in the war, the splendid record of college graduates and college students in the war, has impressed the public mind with the idea that there is something more than general information to be had in college, and that some men find it there.

That, then, is the healthful aspect of the situation, that the people as a whole now seem to be well disposed towards our colleges; and I feel that now is the time, and that no better time will ever come, for us to present our case right end first to the public, in order that we may secure that co-operation in our real purposes which at present we have not got, because the young man who comes to college without any idea of what he is coming for or in a state of mind where his resistance to education is too high to make it possible to get a good current through him, renders

co-operation difficult. Because it is not only the public that does not quite understand about education; our undergraduates themselves do not, even after thay have been here a year or two. I used to keep an office on this campus, and in that office I had many very pleasant interviews with young men in college. There was one topic of conversation which often came up, and I can summarize the course of the brief conversation, or the many conversations, which were more or less on the same skeleton or framework. Inquiry was made of the young man, how he happened to come to Dartmouth? In nearly all cases he said he came because he wanted the education. The next inquiry was, "Well, how will you know when your education is finished?" Almost without exception came the prompt reply, "When I get my degree."

INTRODUCTION *by* THE CHAIRMAN

THE next speaker has a double interest to us, based on his personality and on his locality. A graduate of our old friend and rival, Williams College, he became in due time Dean of that institution, and in 1917 President of Hamilton College. Hamilton College is of interest to Dartmouth, because it was founded on somewhat the same theory as Dartmouth, following the lines of an Indian school. A college cheer was adopted which was a modification of "Wah-hoo-wah"; and all would have gone merrily but for the fact that they did not have any Indians! So, long before the days of horseless carriages, fireless cookers and eggless hens, they had an Indianless Indian school out at Clinton.

The Indianless Indian school brings to my mind the story of the aspiring poet who went to a magazine editor with some of his verses. The editor said, "Well, we cannot take your poem, but you can leave your address." He replied, "Mr. Editor, if you do not take the poem I shall not have any address." You will have no poem, but you will have an address from Doctor Ferry, President of Hamilton College.

ADDRESS *by* PRESIDENT FREDERICK CARLOS FERRY, PH. D., SC. D., LL. D.

MR. TOASTMASTER, Mr. President, and men of Dartmouth, ladies and gentlemen, it appears to me that those who speak on brilliant occasions like that which Dartmouth has provided today may be divided into two classes — those who have been heard here before and are asked for that reason, and those who have not been heard before, and are asked for that reason.

I claim here a monopoly of that second class.

As you know, when a man finds himself in one of these college presidential positions the public immediately begins to invite him to attend picnics, school graduations, gatherings of teachers, and so on, and say something. One reason for that appears to be that he may not do too much harm to the college. So that is what happened to me over there in central New York. They asked me to lots of little affairs here and there and asked me to say something. So after awhile, at a banquet in Rome, a very clever and discerning toastmaster, in introducing me, said he had

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Address by President Ferry

learned by reading the Utica daily papers that I had been doing a great deal of talking about that part of the country. "But," he said, "with a great deal of care I have looked into that question and I find that never yet has he been asked to appear a second time in the same place." So I have been happy in my unhappiness today, realizing that when I come to Dartmouth College again I can spend the day here without any feeling of impending doom.

There is a little bit of propriety in asking the representative of Hamilton College to bring, as I was asked to do, the greetings of colleges outside of New England to Dartmouth College. It is true that Hamilton College owes its origin quite directly to that same Eleazar Wheelock of whom we have heard so much today. Samuel Kirkland, at the age of nineteen, in 1761, studied in that school in Lebanon under Dr. Wheelock. He was the son of Rev. Daniel Kirkland, of Norwich, Connecticut. I don't know why he went to Princeton instead of Yale, but he did, and then he interested himself in missionary work among the Senecas and the Oneidas in central New York. He went back and got his ordination at the hands of Dr. Wheelock and then was sent out with a group in which was a missionary named Johnson, who carried an address, a copy of which I have in my pocket but will not read, which he was to present to the Oneida and Seneca Indians at Fort Stanwix, in Rome, New York, on the thirty-first of October, 1768. That address announced to those Indians that Rev. Dr. Wheelock was searching for a tract of land in the valley of the Mohawk where he might secure from the Indians such a place as would prove suitable for the establishment of a college.

So both the valleys of the Mohawk and the Connecticut were considered for the establishment of Dartmouth College, because in this same address it is stated that he is moving in this direction because of the support which he is receiving from the Earl of Dartmouth. So it might have happened, it appears, that Dartmouth College was founded in the valley of the Mohawk instead of the Connecticut. It seems to me very fortunate that such was not the case, because surely Dartmouth could not have been more splendid, if as splendid, anywhere else than she has proven herself to be in this beautiful spot among these hills of the Connecticut River; and had she settled down out there, there would have been no room at all for Hamilton College.

It was much later that Hamilton College was started, but it was founded by Samuel Kirkland, helped by Alexander Hamilton, who was the first trustee named by the regents of the University of the State of New York, when the college was established in its first form as an academy.

I regret that we cannot connect through the Rev. Dr. Wheelock anything of a bibulous character with the establishment of Hamilton College. I regret that particularly in these days, because it would make us appreciate so much more readily the antiquity of that institution. I suppose you read last spring of that saloon keeper whose name was August Bieberstein, in whose saloon was posted through the spring months the notice: "The first of July will be the last of August." In measurement of time the beginning of Hamilton College would go back much farther if it

could reach to a time when an excellent and highly respected lady could come bringing her cask of New England rum without fear of comment from the neighbors or danger from the law.

There was a great deal of that missionary work done for New York State in those days by the New England colleges. When in 1792 ten men applied to the General Court of Massachusetts for a charter for a college in one of the northwestern towns of Massachusetts, they explained that they wanted to put a college up there in Williamstown because, being an enclosed place, the young men would not be subject to the temptations peculiar to seaport towns, such as Cambridge, Providence, New Haven and New York, would be free from such terrible influences, and they added further, with generosity if not with modesty, that they wished to establish a college there so that they might extend their civilization and manners to the adjoining states. So there was a good deal of design on the State of New York in the establishment of some of these New England colleges.

I do not know why Samuel Kirkland went to Princeton instead of to Yale, but, as I look about at the many splendid colleges which this country has, I frequently wonder why a boy goes to the particular one which he selects.

And so I have tried to find out about the men's colleges. I can find only one characterization at all, and that again is in the newspapers, — "You can tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him very much." And to that some one has very wisely added, "And there is no occasion to." But I have cast about among five hundred young men from different colleges, trying to find out why they went to the college of their choice. In most instances I got the answers they made at the time when they were leaving college. I found one young man who went to a small Connecticut college, who said he went there to cure his insomnia. Another went to a college where chapel was faithfully required, saying he went to that college to get the church-going habit. Another one, who seemed to be concerned about going to college at all rather than to any particular one, said he was going to college because he had found that without a college education a man was always in competition with women and, therefore, could never raise himself. Then, one went to Harvard because he wished to assert his independence of his father, who was a graduate of Yale, and one went to Yale because his home was in Cambridge. One went to Colgate, because his mother had always told him that those toilet articles were the very best. One went to Williams because he had liked that name so much ever since be first began to shave. Then, one little Irishman said he went to the college that he had selected because he had decided that that was the last place in the world where the devil would look for an Irishman.

Out of all these five hundred men, only two among the serious ones — and most of them were serious — mentioned athletics, and among all the five hundred not a single one mentioned the faculty. What they did mention, those serious boys, was the connection of fathers, uncles and brothers with the college, and the fact that

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they were following the family tradition; and one, putting it another way, said he went to that college in order to start there a family tradition.

So they go generally along the lines of their families, and so the colleges grow and the stream of educated men goes out.

It is a great pleasure to bring the greetings, the congratulations and the good wishes of the colleges over there in New York State to Dartmouth College at this time. Looking back to the beginning, we appreciate that those were days when institutions were born through suffering, arduous toil and sacrifice, through noble scorn of ease and luxuries, disregard of wealth and display, because of deep thirst for knowledge, loyalty for truth, love for fellowman and faith in God.

I opened Dr. Tucker's interesting book today and read the romance of Dartmouth College as a spiritual romance. And so the spirit of the wilderness still lingers about colleges like Dartmouth, Hamilton, Williams and Amherst, founded back in those days of simple living and of earnest thinking. I congratulate the President and the members of the faculty of Dartmouth College that they are permitted to follow in the steps of those noble, great men, and that through the tasks they are performing here in these days they are establishing their kinship with those great ones of old.

So may it forever be true that Dartmouth College, here in this beautiful valley, shall continue to send men away carrying those things which Dean Briggs instances as the things which the college can best impart to young men — knowledge that makes life richer, friendships that make life sweeter, training that equips men for tasks both hard and high, wisdom that, though a man suffers, yet shall enable him to triumph and be strong, and an ideal, a noble and a lofty vision that shall lead him like a pillar of fire even to the end of his days.

INTRODUCTION *by* THE CHAIRMAN

COMING to the next speaker, if any introduction were necessary, almost any old introduction would do. In fact, I can think of only one that would not answer at all, and that was George Bernard Shaw's of Sir Edward Lyon, as "he that is of the earth earthy and of the nuts nutty."

Some of us who have had opportunities to view the United States Senate at close range have sometimes wondered why Moses ever wanted to go there. A colored mammy, looking out of her window one day, saw her pickaninny with a lot of other pickaninnies who had been swimming and were returning. In the group there was apparently a white boy, and she grabbed her pickaninny and said, "How many times have I got to tell you not to go swimming with that poor white trash child?" He replied, "Mammy, he wasn't white when he went in."

Moses and I fought all through college. He was a born politician, and I was not, and he licked me every time when it came to a contest. This is the first time I have had a chance to get back at him, and now, unfortunately, he will have the last say!

It gives me pleasure to introduce ex-distributor of class felicity, ex-Forest Commissioner of New Hampshire, ex-editor, ex-Minister to Greece, ex-Chairman

of the Committee on Resolutions that kept us out of war in 1916, and at present the chief thorn in the side of Admiral Grayson, and at present and for some time, we hope for a long while to come, United States Senator, my pet classmate, George Higgins Moses.

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Address by Senator Moses

ADDRESS *by* SENATOR GEORGE HIGGINS MOSES, A. M.

MR. PRESIDENT, brothers of the Dartmouth clan, men who lack that great privilege, and my newly enfranchised fellow citizens in the gallery, I have been well warned, not so much by the brusque initial utterances of the toastmaster, who has engrafted onto the primitive manners of Wells River, Vermont, those of Chicago and the prairies of Illinois, as by the more highly diplomatic letter of invitation, a warning from the secretary of the committee of arrangements, and I know that tonight I am operating under the five-minute rule; that I am not to discuss any mooted question, that I am not to retail any of the backstair gossip of Washington, and that whatever I say will be submitted for immediate ratification without amendments or reservations.

First of all, I want to congratulate the toastmaster of the evening upon some improvements which thirty years have brought into his resistant life. When I knew him more intimately, in daily association here, he did not seek his inspiration from the noble English of Johnny Lord's "History of Dartmouth College" and from the account of the inauguration of President Hopkins. He got it from the *St Johnsbury Republican*, and his jokes were taken from its paragrapher's corner. His models of eloquence were those of the Columbian Reader No. 5.

The presence of President Hopkins makes me a little reminiscent, because some years ago President Hopkins' father and mine chanced to be preaching in the same country town in New Hampshire, where they ministered to churches of the fifty-seven different varieties of the Baptist faith; and in that town to this day there is an earnest discussion with reference to the choice of sons of Baptist ministers to be presidents of Dartmouth College and to be United States Senators, and there are two active groups who think that a mistake has been made in each case.

But I can shed some light for the toastmaster, even if the Passumpsic Railroad could not, on this academic question. A thing becomes academic when you remove it about three thousand miles from its original setting, put a silk gown or hat on it, or dress it up with other millinery. For instance, take this story that Dr. Nichols told as coming from Sir Bernard Partridge, but which really originated in Pompanoosuc, where, as the story goes, two local statesmen of the town were sitting on barrels in the village store and saw one of their fellows crossing the street. One said, "Why, there goes Eb. Eb isn't the man he used to be." And the other, speaking reflectively, "No, and, by gosh, he never was!"

This much has been said to show that I am keeping the five-minute rule and also to relieve the apprehensive friend on the faculty who wrote to me

I have come here simply as a loyal son of this College, and I think, of all those

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whose names adorn the program, I am the only one who can claim the full blood of the Dartmouth family. No, I forgot the Dean. That is an undergraduate habit, as I understand it, forgetting the Dean in all the carefully planned schemes of alibi. It reminds me of Lord Randolph Churchill, who thought he would upset the Salisbury ministry by resigning, because he thought there was nobody to take his place, and on the morrow he had to say, "I forgot Goshen."

If I were to make a speech, it would naturally be along the general line of the subject laid out for the evening's discussion, turning to the contribution which the College has made to the public life of the Nation. I am not thinking now of those great names that adorn our alumni roll, two of which were so fitly characterized this morning in that finished oration of Justice Stafford. I want to say to you, Judge Stafford, that I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the picture of that old Roman, Thaddeus Stevens, whom you held up before us, and who championed many a cause and who served his country so well. Nor yet am I thinking of those of another generation who adorned the public life of the country. I am thinking rather of that great brotherhood of Dartmouth men who have gone out to every corner throughout the land, who have steadied and held true the course of public events in their communities, and who have contributed so much to the sobriety and sanity of American thought and to the steadiness of American advancement. This College will stand here, I hope, for generations to come, to produce men of that type, standing here as a beacon on the hilltop — a hilltop which, despite the preacher of yesterday, shall not be leveled, even though it may lift the valleys up.

INTRODUCTION *by* THE CHAIRMAN

A PECULIAR circumstance made Dr. Faunce a graduate and later president of Brown, instead of a graduate and possible president of Dartmouth. The Baptists did not reform their creed and practice quite as early as the Presbyterians. You will recall that some years ago at a Presbyterian synod — if that is the name for their meetings — a resolution was passed, after heated, not to say acrimonious, debate, by which it was "resolved, that hereafter infant damnation shall be taken out of the articles of belief." The motion or resolution was carried. Thereupon some quick-witted brother moved to make the resolution retroactive, which was also carried, and thereupon there was solemnly spread upon the record of the synod felicitations that the thoughtfulness of that brother in moving at the proper time to make the resolution retroactive had saved since the beginning of the world thousands of millions of children from damnation.

Dr. Faunce, son of a Baptist clergyman; he was born in Cornish, and if the Baptists had only been as forehanded as the Presbyterians, and reformed their practice of making their preachers peripatetic tramps, he would have gone to Dartmouth instead of to Brown. But he is just as welcome tonight, because we know that if it were not for that accident, he would not be visiting us in the capacity that he does. Dr. Faunce.

ADDRESS *by* PRESIDENT WILLIAM HERBERT PERRY FAUNCE, D.D., LL. D.

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Address by President Faunce

MR. TOASTMASTER, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, I am always glad to come back into the State where I spent my boyhood, and I never return on one of these "retroactive" journeys without an uplift of spirit.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, formerly president of the University of California, told me that he was sent by his father to attend a New Hampshire school known to all of you. I said to him, "Why did your father send you there?" And he answered me, "Father sent for the catalogues of all the eastern private schools and academies, and finally chose that one because it was advertised as being twelve hundred feet above the sea and seven miles from any form of sin." I don't know how high Dartmouth is above the sea, but I know that it is not seven miles, not one mile, not one foot away from the chief problems that are now stirring and challenging the modern world, and this whole day has echoed with the fact that Dartmouth, geographically remote, is psychologically, socially, politically, educationally at the very heart of our American continent.

I am proud to wear among my slender stock of honors a Dartmouth degree, and to be counted tonight in your fellowship.

We have spent the day largely in talking of pioneers. We had our one hundred and fiftieth anniversary at Brown five years ago and discovered, what we did not realize before, that an anniversary is Janus-faced, that it looks forward as well as backward, — backward to the pioneers and forward to the land yet to be possessed.

The story of the pioneers always stirs us for the battles yet to come. Some of them were the pioneers of civilization. They cleared the forests, built the cabins, subdued the rough, hard pastures or the virgin prairie, and built according to the need of their time. Their work is over. It does not now need to be done in this country again. Some of them were pioneers in education, and their story has been told again and again this last week.

There were nine of our American colleges founded before the American Revolution — Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Brown, Rutgers, Dartmouth,— and every one of them today is alive and flourishing. You cannot kill an American college. It may meet with disaster; it may pass through stormy times. The history of every one of them is a stormy history, but their roots are so very deep in the life of the country that they cannot die. There is not the slightest danger that any one of those colleges founded before the Revolution will disappear while the Republic itself endures.

Today that old pioneer work does not need to be done. We perhaps do not need any new colleges in America — at least, east of the Mississippi. What, then, is the work that now lies before us?

It seems to me that our great need today is for pioneers who can blaze the path to that form of social co-operation and world organization which shall give us lasting, enduring peace. We need men who, in a time when the world is dis-

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tracted and upset, when the forces of anarchy and chaos are abroad, can show us how human beings of varying experience and capacity, of diversified ideas, can live together in an orderly community and co-operate for the good of the Commonwealth. Surely in the colleges we may find that sort of co-operation, if we cannot find it anywhere else in the country.

We need men who can lead us out of sheer individualism into social consciousness and into co-operative responsibility. When ye pray, say "our", says the good Book.

It is not only when we pray, but when we toil, when we think, that we have to say "our." That case of influenza on the next street is our influenza, and if we refuse to check it, it will come stalking down the street to our dwelling and lay hold of those dear to us. The boy lost in the heart of a modern city is our boy; the girl of sullied womanhood is our girl, and we, as a part of the social order that tolerates the conditions that have produced her, have a responsibility in the matter, and must acknowledge our kinship and our duty.

I believe, in the solution of the great problems now before us, we have need of bringing all the colleges of this country to a co-operation not attained hitherto, and that in the future all the colleges must come into a co-operation now hindered or obstructed by departmental division. It may be that the condition of our instruction and our curriculum into these so-called departments constitutes one of the chief obstacles in the way of educational progress. Suppose an accident occurs on the Boston & Maine Railroad, that an engine is derailed, that an automobile has gone over an embankment, and that they send here to the college to find out the cause of the accident. Under what department would that come? Would it be the department of pyhsics or mechanics, which would be called upon to deal with the actual physical construction? Would it be the department of economics, because proper wages were not paid to secure proper workers, and therefore the accident happened? Would it be allied to the realm of history, because former accidents would have to be studied? Would it lie in the realm of psychology, because of the peculiar working of the mind of the man to whom the accident was due? I claim that it would lie within the realm of every department of the college, whatever It cannot be assigned to some particular professor. It is a human problem. Every department interested in human advance is concerned in some phase of that particular accident.

Today it is no railroad accident, but something vastly greater which we are confronting. Humanity itself seems to have left the rails; humanity itself is getting out of the old grooves and bounding over the rough fields, with a threat of disaster to all concerned, and we are asked to study the problem. It is not a question of a particular department; it is a question that concerns the American college as a unit, to grapple with that problem of troubled humanity, trying to lead humanity back and place it again on the rails, where everything may again be bright before us and we may come to the city of our heart's desire.

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We sent our boys in khaki and blue into the war with the benediction of the college, the blessing of the church, the approval of the government, the approval of every honorable citizen of America. I approved and you approved, and we blessed them and said, "Go, and God speed you." We sanctioned the application of force for the attainment of legitimate political and moral ends, and now those boys have come home and men in the world are saying, "You have given your sanction to force as a means of realizing a legitimate end, and now we propose direct action. We propose to use the force that, under your sanction and benediction, we have been taught to use, for our ends that are legitimate, as we think them."

What are we going to do with that problem? What are we, who have blessed the application of force as a necessary and right thing, going to do when men all around us are saying, "We will use force"? I believe that the colleges of the country are going to grapple with that problem, through the application of the social sciences, helping the Nation into that sense of corporate responsibility for the welfare of each single individual which alone can qualify us to be leaders of our time.

I am sure, also, that the college is to lead us out of our provincialism into some sense of the relation of each one of us to the whole human family.

I was travelling across the Pacific some few years ago, a thousand miles west of the Hawaiian Islands, sitting at the dinner table, when the telegraph boy touched me on the shoulder and delivered to me an envelope containing a message from a friend in one-thousand-miles-distant Honolulu. That message had come to me over the tossing waves of a stormy night and found me there at the dinner table. And in return I sent my message across the storm-tossed sea to my three-days-distant friend in Honolulu, and it instantly found him there.

What does that mean? It means that every single one of us is going to be in touch physically with every other man with whom he wants to be in touch, within the pale of civilization. What will it mean to the world when men throughout the world are brought together so intimately physically, if they fail to get together intellectually and in spirit; when one man's voice is audible to others around the world, and when a little later we will be able to look over the world and see our friends or our enemies, and yet, while brought together in that intimate universal contact, they are in spirit hostile and distant, and ready to tear each other to pieces?

Physical science can bring our bodies together, but only the college, the church and the social impulse can bring us together in spirit and in heart; and the great task of the college today is, through its democracy, to bring the souls of men as closely together as physical science is fast bringing their bodies together.

What is democracy? Democracy does not mean a dead level of mediocrity. Democracy on the hillsides around us does not mean that all the trees shall be alike and of the same height, but that the pine shall be the best pine it can and the oak the largest and best oak it can. Democracy does not mean that one man is as good

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as another, but that we are to find out who the best are and put them in places of power. It does not mean that one man is as wise as another. Far from it. But it does mean that all men are wise enough to help select the wisest and to put them in places of responsibility.

That is the sort of democracy for which the American college stands, and for which the Nation itself, through it, ultimately shall stand.

Was it not Immanuel Kant who said, in memorable phrase, "We exist not for that which can be done through us, but for that which can be done in us"? Is that true? Those who say we live for that which can be done through us are the advocates of vocational training; specific education for the job. Those who say we exist for that which can be done in us are the advocates of culture, self-realization, personality.

May this at least not be the reconciling truth? Nothing ever will be done through us in city or Nation except as something first has been done in us? And the college stands for doing something in us, so fundamental, so persuasive, so abiding, that through us something great and noble may be done for the life of the Republic. For that sort of education Dartmouth will stand, I trust, for another one hundred and fifty years, and enable all her fellow colleges to stand stronger because she is here.

INTRODUCTION *by* THE CHAIRMAN

I WISH it were permitted me to say all that is in my mind and heart to say about the next speaker. Should we ever meet again, I will. Tonight my lips are sealed, and I can only say that for the past two years he has been Minister Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to everywhere, and then to somewhere else! Professor Frankfurter.

ADDRESS *by* PROFESSOR FELIX FRANKFURTER, LL. B.

MR. TOASTMASTER, Dartmouth men, and President Hopkins, you may be surprised that I, too, claim kinship with Dartmouth, not simply by virtue of your generous hospitality, but by right. I have taken my Dartmouth education, as it is said in the vernacular, "out of course," and it had three stages. The first stage was in my days at the Harvard Law School, when my Dartmouth classmates taught me that the art of life which is symbolized by the celebrated barrel of New England rum is not indigenous to the Hanover hills, but may flourish, and did flourish with exuberance, on the banks of the Charles. That, alas! is a closed, or temporarily closed, chapter in education.

My second stage of Dartmouth education was as a trembling lawyer before one of your most eminent sons, Judge Hough, who taught me the great lesson that encouragement is best where most is exacted. He, as you know, is a terror among evil-doers, and I think he assumes, or he did in my day, that all young lawyers are prospective evil-doers. During the time when I had the privilege of being before him

I could not but get benefit of such contact, perhaps through a process of osmosis, and he made me realize what was meant by the phrase that one must be cruel to be kind. By that process, too, I hope I rubbed off something of the vigor of these hills.

The last course of Dartmouth training was with your President, when we worked alongside of one another. I take it that I am not the only one who has experienced that subtle, almost unscrupulous talent of his, by which he gives you orders by seeming to agree with you.

Therefore, Mr. President, I can lay claim to the fellowship of this company. And yet, just because I have that claim, and only that claim, you may wish me to tell you why Dartmouth is unique. The uniquity of this institution rests in the special affection it has for those who are Dartmouth men of the true blood.

You will let me not say a word of congratulation or adulation, but just a word as to some of the convictions that are in me. It is a commonplace in these days to say that a goodly portion of the world is going through a class struggle; but one who has been on the border of the eastern European world cannot but have felt the existence literally of a class struggle. As you travel westward from the east there are gradations of class struggle, simply because, roughly speaking, there are demarkations in the classes. There are class struggles in Russia and from Russia onward in varying degrees, because society is, in fact, grouped into sharply defined classes, and it is not until you reach England that a real confidence possesses you that all is safe.

Reference has already been made tonight to the railroad strike in Great Britain, and it may seem rather a hazardous judgment, in the light of that strike, to say that all is safe in Great Britain. And yet the very manner of the settlement of the strike, despite the alarm sounded in our press, the fact that he who is called "Little Dave," the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and Jim Thomas — who, I dare say, is and has been misquoted,— can sit down in Downing Street, and in good fellowship and confidence settle their affairs, is to me proof positive that all will be safe in Great Britain. If I may venture to make the suggestion, one of the strong reasons for the sturdy confidence with which the English look to the solving of the problems of their own country is due to the fact that in Great Britain, perhaps more than in any other country in Europe, there is being shown in dealing with the industrial problems — and the centre of gravity today is industrial — a larger percentage of disinterested thinking than in any other country, certainly in Europe. More minds pursuing that subject as President Nichols pursues his field of science, with enthusiasm and disinterestedness, exist in Great Britain today than at least one observer who has studied the matter to ascertain the facts finds evidence of in any other country.

The educated man in Great Britain is not within any one single class. The educated man in Great Britain is truly a citizen. In Great Britain, roughly speaking, we find the trained university man concerning himself not merely on the side of capital, not merely on the side of the government, not merely in the universities, but in the ranks of so-called trade unionism, as the disinterested guide in the solution

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of these problems, which are recognized as a most difficult and perplexing challenge to the human mind. They are recognized not as belly problems, not as questions of dollars and cents or hours and wages, but as challenges to finding a new way to live.

Lord Robert Cecil, the leading Conservative statesman of Great Britain today, in a very memorable document which appears in the *Times*, says:

"Not until we realize that the searching beneath the surface by labor is not a question of hours and wages, but that behind it and beneath it lies a real passion for liberty, will we be in a mood to face the problem."

As one who has been abroad during the war in various connections and who has been absent from this country for many months, I have experienced on my return, as I am sure that others have experienced, a new and a deeper affection for this land of ours, not because of any superior morality, but because of a wider vision, a freedom from entangling pasts. It is still the land of Emerson, the land of opportunity to solve problems. But some who have returned lately have been considerably surprised to find a country in panic, seeing spooks everywhere and red armies, if one may judge from the front pages of the newspapers. One had thought that the boast of the American was a justified boast, when he claimed a sense of humor, but one wonders whether we are not in danger temporarily of losing our sense of humor, losing the perspective which makes us laugh, when we see those who have not had the advantage of the experience that some of us have had frightened in this country where there is the least occasion for fright; this country where we have paid least and suffered least because of the ravages of war; this country that should be the country best prepared to meet the new problems and the still unsolved old problems.

The contrast, as it appears to me at least, between this country and Great Britain, is that here there is an absence of participation of so large a percentage of disinterested and educated men thinking on industrial questions. There is an exhibition on all hands of the so-called practical side of capital and the practical side of labor, but there is a very uncomfortable feeling that this is not the affair of the college professor, not even, for the time being, of the college president. That, to my mind, is the least satisfying fact that I find on returning to this country.

As President Faunce has just suggested, not until this problem ceases to be regarded as one of settled dogma, the answers to which are to be found in any of the books on political economy, but as a problem of social invention and significance, not until we realize that we have to find answers to these questions through reason and not assertion, not until we realize that the arena must be transferred from the field of contest to the field of conference, will we get out of this clamor of the present day. And yet, men of responsibility, of soberness, common sense and good humor, in other affairs of life, make dogmatic assertions in the field of social engineering that they would not hazard even on mechanical engineering. We hear assertions about hours, wages and collective bargaining, as though any and every person was competent not merely to form an opinion but to erect his opinion into a personal

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principle or moral dictum. And yet, gentlemen, even so simple a question as hours of labor is not really to be settled around this festive board, but is a problem calling, as President Faunce has indicated, for the opinion and the advice of physiologists and economists, and even the opinion of those who labor; for our experiences during the war taught us to be cautious about dogmatic assertions even about so simple a thing as hours of labor, not merely the number of hours that will attain the greatest social good but the number of hours that will attain the greatest dead mechanical product. Even on so simple a thing science had better be listened to, science had better be consulted. And when you come to the more difficult problems of social relations in plant and industry, we should proceed even more carefully. For instance, we can well bear in mind what Lord Cecil said the other day, — that the railroad strike proved that the fundamental dream of labor, to which answer must be made, is not a question of hours or wages, but partnership in the enterprise, meaning by partnership in the enterprise not dividing the money income but sharing in the personalities that are invested in the business, partnership in the enterprise in the way an artist engages in the enterprise of producing a great factory or picture, partnership in the enterprise in the way President Hopkins understands so well, involving the tapping of the latent qualities in every human being, — when you come to the question of how that problem is to be worked out, you have to go very, very slowly, indeed.

We can well look into what is being done on a small scale, experimentally, by the government of the United States, in the arsenals, along that line. That is really in the field of social invention, and success in that field, in an enterprise, demands, what is the prime requisite of successful invention, tolerance of mind, an attitude of mind that will be receptive, an attitude of mind that will recognize its own limitations, an attitude of mind that will be conscious all the time that the very fact that a theory is financially uncomfortable to us should subject it on our part to alert criticism.

The human experience of all of us illustrates that even a tariff may be political; even the most worthy of citizens is circumscribed by the finitude of his own experience.

We are confronting great questions, which can only be met greatly if we bring to bear a great good will, a great understanding, and the essence of all that is tolerance.

That has been the trend of the exercises of the day. In the exquisite, intimate talk of Professor Bartlett this morning he cautioned us that the voices now in the air, which seem to us raucous, unpleasant, sometimes even alien, are voices more bewildered than vicious.

You refer fittingly and beautifully in your ode to the torch kindled in faith by the Dartmouth leaders of one hundred and fifty years ago, in the wilderness. The light from that torch has blazed so far that it has been seen on the fields of France and Flanders. May that torch guide and illumine, with a passion and humility of truth-seeking, this whole country.

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Address by Dean Laycock

INTRODUCTION *by* THE CHAIRMAN

I AM not going to shut Dean Laycock off, but I must say that there is less excuse for him to speak tonight than on some occasions when I have heard him. His forte, as you know, is to restore a failing morale, and many times have we all been rejoiced that he was there to bring postprandial exercises out of the slough of despond. I have often thought, Dean Laycock, when I have heard you, that, if by any chance you were in a corner where you had to introduce yourself, you ought to do it in the words of the man who said: "My friends, let us contemplate how wonderful are the works of Nature. The same Creator that made the mountains made the grain of sand. The same Creator that made the ocean made the dew drop. The same Creator that made me made a daisy!"

ADDRESS *by* DEAN CRAVEN LAYCOCK, A. M.

MR. TOASTMASTER, honored guests, fellow workers of Dartmouth, and ladies and gentlemen: I have been thinking of an old story, and I never appreciated its full meaning until about five minutes ago. They say I am English. You know about the old lady who was told that the most unfortunate car in which to make a journey on a train was the last car, because a person in the last car was most liable to get hurt, and she asked, "Why don't they cut off the last car?" I have often wondered what the point of that story was, but I have thought of it tonight. I will let you make a guess as to what it was.

The committee having these splendid exercises in charge asked me to speak last tonight, "because," they said, "when it comes to your turn there will not be anything else to say, and you can say it, and it will take only a minute." So I am going to take only a minute.

The things that have been surging through our hearts, passing before our eyes and going before our minds through these days of celebration, are things that cannot be told. As one of the reporters who has visited our town within two or three days said to me yesterday, "I went to my room cast down because I was sent here to tell the story of the Dartmouth Sesqui-Centennial, and it cannot be told. There is a spirit about it, there is a strange kind of eerie feeling, that I cannot write about, and I cannot send my story back to my paper."

Certainly those of us who have spent the larger part of our middle manhood in the shadow of these halls and in the service of this College have in these last few days felt through our hearts again, again and again, an unspeakable joy. Why? Because, ever and anon, as these pictures have been flashed before us, they have brought to our minds historical and personal recollections and associations. We have seen the ox cart toiling up the valley, have had brought before us a picture of our first great leader, fighting in the wilderness, standing under the open sky in the early morning ere yet the sun had touched the tops of the giant pines around, calling his boys together with the conch shell, and raising in the forest the voice of prayer and

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supplication. We have seen that. We have seen his successors coming down the line. We have seen the call to the sons of the College. Many of us have seen in the flesh that king among our number when in the early nineties he stepped on the platform in our College, and from that moment became a king indeed in Israel. And now, while we rejoice in the light of this wonderful day, he lies quiet, patient, the flash of the eye almost gone, his mind still clear, almost the last of his generation, and yet the king of them all!

We come here, as it were, at the close of the day. One hundred and fifty years have gone their circle. We stand here, as some of us stood tonight as the sun was setting, and feel that somehow or other a complete day in the life of this College has closed. There is moonlight, music, rejoicing; there is inspiration, there is a solemn joy. But we must stand as they who wait for the morning, for every college should stand facing the east.

I had thought to say a word tonight about our faculty and its part in the celebration and in the work of the College. I may limit myself to this one word, brought to my mind by a remark made to me by the good wife of one of our professors not more than three hours ago. I met her on the street as I went home towards evening, and she said, "These are the times when my husband feels out of it, because he is not a Dartmouth man." I said, "It ought not to be so." "Yes, but it is." I hope it is not. There is no room for hyphenates on the Dartmouth College faculty. There is no man who can stir my ire more quickly than the man who tells me I am a British-American. Thank God, no; I am an American. And, thank God, I am an American of British birth. And no man who comes here to Dartmouth and gives his middle life and his later life to the service of the College, who has gone back and forth among us, who already shows the frost of the early autumn on his brow, who works among us day in and day out, giving service loyally to the College, should have that feeling. No, we are Dartmouth men, and I trust to God that never again will that be said in this village, except in the spirit of lightest banter.

It seems to me the fundamental battle that the historic college has to make is that it shall not be lured aside from the old historic ideas and purposes that have been tried and tested by time. All that we are trying to do in these old historic colleges is to keep on in the old way, to see, if possible, if we cannot make men, armies of men, average, straightforward, sincere, sane citizens, and once in a generation producing the superman, fit for the super task. All the time we are trying to train these minds so that inferences, properly drawn, will lead to logical action, trying to create in the minds of these young men year in and year out a yearning for that knowledge that must become power, the knowledge that makes a man not only to know, but helps him to be.

This seems to me to be our supreme duty, and this is the duty that we must not shirk.

We have no quarrel with the professional, practical or technical college, but if on this western continent we are expecting and hoping to raise a structure in

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which order and law will sit enthroned perpetually above anarchy, where a new democracy will eventually emerge and where mind — trained, sincere, straightforward, clean, good — shall be master over matter, then an historical college, where we seek to train the whole man, mind, body, soul, spirit, intellect, will find that its mission in the world is only just beginning.

I wonder if some of those who have visited us in these days have thought that sometimes we were a little bit over-enthusiastic about our own College? I have wondered a great many times what was the best way to illustrate just the situation that a man is in when he belongs to a given college, when his life is wrapped up in it, and I think I found the illustration in a small paragraph in the newspaper last Sunday. On a certain morning three transports were due in Boston. The tug boats and passenger vessels, all kinds of vessels, went down to greet the returning soldiers. By and by over the horizon came the first vessel, crowded to the top. Sirens shrieked, whistles blew and banners floated in the air. On a certain tug boat going out to meet them, near the rail, stood a little, quiet, demure woman, still as death. Everybody about her was shouting. Finally the first boat came up about even with the tug boat, and all at once, as though galvanized into life, the little woman sprang up and shouted across the distance, "He is there! He is there!" And the hearts of mother and son sprang across the void and joined. And for the moment there was no other mother and no other son. The other millions who had gone did not count for the mother. But when the vessels landed, the boy took his place again as a citizen, and she remembered the rest.

That is the way I feel about these days of rejoicing. We do not forget perpetually that we belong to the great academic fellowship, that throughout the length and breadth of this land the colleges are doing their work, are carrying forward the banner of learning, and we pray that with them we may be enabled to bring about such results that education will be justified of her children.

CONCLUSION *by* THE CHAIRMAN

JUST a word of congratulation and thanks for your patience and your unusual attention to these exercises. President Hopkins has been felicitated in all conscience to such an extent that I should not blame him now if he wanted to "facilitate" the conclusion. There are within the room some of such tender years that, in the providence of God, they may live to attend the double centennial of Dartmouth College. If there are such of you, I hope you will tell those assembled there that, though your own knees may totter and your eyes be dim, the Sesqui-Centennial was certainly some celebration. And so, *Ave atque vale*, hail and farewell! Good night! Good night!

Thus closed the exercises.

THE EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCES

The Educational Conferences

DURING the afternoon of Monday, three educational conferences were held, to which all the regular delegates and guests were invited, and to which, further, certain educators and investigators had been specially bidden. The purpose of these conferences, it had been assumed, was to take advantage of the period of retro-spect and pro-spect, appropriately incidental to the celebration of an academic founding, for the joint discussion of new demands and responsibilities growing out of the war, and of new means of meeting them.

These conferences were arranged for and conducted each by an alliance of several logically related divisions of the faculty. Thus the Divisions of Ancient Languages and Literatures, Modern Languages and Literatures, Fine Arts, and Philosophy combined in the discussion of "The Humanities, Old and New, in College Education." This conference was held in the French Room in Robinson Hall, under the chairmanship of Professor Charles Darwin Adams, Ph.D., Lawrence Professor of the Greek Language and Literature. The discussion was inspired by three papers, one by President Neilson of Smith College, one by Professor Irving Babbitt, of Harvard University, and one by Mr. Arthur Fairbanks, Director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

At the same hour the Divisions of the Mathematical, Physical and Natural Sciences were gathered, with their guests, in the Wilder Laboratory to consider "The Place of Science in the American College." Here the chairmanship devolved upon Edwin Julius Bartlett, A.M., M.D., Sc.D., New Hampshire Professor of Chemistry. Discussion turned on papers offered by Chief Engineer Jewett, of the Western Electric Company, Dean Burton, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Dean Magie, of Princeton.

Bartlett Hall was likewise occupied during the afternoon by the Division of Social Sciences, which, under chairmanship of Herbert Darling Foster, Litt.D., Professor of History, gave consideration to the vital topic of "The Duty of the College in Training for Citizenship." The group of leaders consisted of Professor Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, President Butterfield, of Massachusetts Agricultural College, and President Meiklejohn, of Amherst College.

In all cases the papers offered by the leaders provoked lively and interesting debate in which participation was quite general. So highly specialized, however, were these conferences that a verbatim record of them in this book seems hardly appropriate. Such record will, therefore, be reserved for subsequent individual and special publication when occasion demands it.

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